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What Has the Inter-State Commerce Commission Accomplished?

This question is sometimes asked in all sincerity by men who are of the opinion that the work of the present Administration has been a work of agitation rather than of achievement. We call the attention of these questioners to the report just published by the Commission, of an investigation made of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California last October. Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, who presided at this investigation, and before whom the sworn testimony was taken, is a California lawyer. As our readers will remember, he was at one time District Attorney of San Francisco, and Democratic candidate for Governor of the State. His knowledge of legal, commercial, and political conditions on the Pacific coast is, therefore, that of an expert. The examination which he conducted on behalf of the Commission was of only three days' duration, and yet it revealed one hundred and eight firms, corporations, and individuals who were receiving rebates or "special inside rates" from the Southern Pacific Company. These rebates, for a term of two years at least, amounted to from \$30,000 to \$50,000 per month. One firm alone, according to the sworn testimony, received \$23,994 during a period of a year and a half. These rebates were granted by the Southern Pacific Company after the Federal law against rebates on inter-State commerce went into effect. The defense of the company is that the rebating was on State business only; but the testimony shows that shippers receiving these favors were heavily engaged in inter-State commerce, and that the rebates they received on State business influenced them in giving their inter-State business to the Southern Pacific Company. The rebates on local busi-

ness enjoyed by important inter-State customers of the road were so great, amounting in some instances to the extraordinary sum of one-half the local rate, that it is inconceivable that they should have been given except as a means of technical evasion of the inter-State rebate law. The officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad claim that they cannot be condemned in the Federal courts for this vicious rebating on alleged State business. If our questioner then demands what good the Inter-State Commerce Commission has accomplished in this particular investigation, we reply that it has already worked a miracle. For twenty years California has had a quiescent, slumbering Railroad Commission. Public opinion, however, has been aroused to such a point by the revelations made under the direction of Federal Commissioner Lane that this State Commission has begun an investigation of the Southern Pacific's books and practices, and promises prosecution of all offenders in so far as they violate the ordinances of the State. Where it is clear to the courts that an alleged State rebate was paid out of revenues coming from inter-State commerce and for the purpose of affecting inter-State commerce, we do not feel sure that persistent and hardened offenders cannot be punished under the Federal law. At all events, in this instance the Inter-State Commerce Commission has done valuable service in arousing public opinion, in which respect its function is quite as important, perhaps, as the function it exercises in the correction of particular abuses.

Publicity as a Specific

The same power of publicity, which in the case of the Southern Pacific was the magic that worked the spell, is invoked by President Roosevelt in a recent

letter to the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The occasion of this letter was the notice served by a number of railways that they propose to reduce wages. The number is not known to be large; according to some reports it is confined to four, all in the South. According to one, the Louisville and Nashville, the real responsibility for the reduction is explicitly laid upon "the drastic laws inimical to the interests of the railways that have in the last year or two been enacted by Congress and the State Legislatures." If this is so, says the President in effect, public knowledge of it ought not to depend upon an *ex parte* statement; if it is not so, the error should not be allowed to mislead the Nation.

These reductions in wages may be warranted or they may not. . . . If the reduction in wages is due to natural causes, the loss of business being such that the burden should be and is equitably distributed between capitalist and wage-workers, the public should know it. If it is caused by legislation, the public and Congress should know it; and if it is caused by misconduct in the past financial or other operations of any railroad, then everybody should know it, especially if the excuse of unfriendly legislation is advanced as a method of covering up past business misconduct by the railroad managers or as a justification for failure to treat fairly the wage-earning employees of the company.

A knowledge of the facts is essential to a just solution of any industrial conflict. The President takes occasion to say what, in spite of its obviousness, needs continual reiteration—that, since the first duty of the Government is the protection of life, property, and public order, the merits of any such question are inevitably obscured by the fomenting of public disorder. If, therefore, the members of the labor unions do not wish the real issue to become subordinate, they should keep this fact in mind. For the purpose of ascertaining the real cause of the difficulty, the President directs the Commission to make an investigation. This letter indicates results that the Inter-State Commerce Commission may obtain which cannot be tabulated in statistics. There are certain ills which are corrected best, not by orders or decisions or judgments, but by the publication of facts. Two of the

ills for which simple publicity is a specific are, first, the taking advantage of industrial troubles to promote demagogic legislation, and, second, the taking advantage of industrial troubles to obstruct remedial legislation. As this country has suffered from both these ills, it doubly needs the specific.



More Arguments for Arbitration vs. War Three years ago Secretary Hay concluded separate arbitration treaties between the United States Government and the Governments of Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Sweden-Norway, and Mexico. The first article of each of the treaties reads as follows:

Differences which may arise, of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two Contracting Parties, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at The Hague by the Convention of the 29th July, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two Contracting States, and do not concern the interests of Third Parties.

These treaties necessarily left to be determined in each particular case, first, what were the questions at issue between the two governments; secondly, whether those questions came within the treaty's scope; and, thirdly, what should be the scope of the arbitrators' powers. The Constitution of the United States provides that all treaties with foreign countries shall be finally concluded by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Now, such general arbitration treaties as the above would cover, of course, many specific subjects arising thereunder. In asking the Senate's sanction Mr. Hay hoped that the Senate would so broadly construe its powers and those of the Executive as to waive the matter of individually ratifying every arbitral detail which might arise under a general treaty to which it had given its approval. Unfortunately for the success of the Hay treaties, however, the Senate took the ground, first, that it could ratify no general treaty without violating the Constitution, strictly interpreted; and,

second, that in any event the same authority to which the Constitution confided the treaty-making power—namely, the President and the Senate—must determine whether each particular subject ought or ought not to be submitted to arbitration. The arbitration treaty with France, unanimously ratified last week by the Senate, contains this clause, and treaties identical in form are being negotiated with Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland. They ought to be as promptly ratified when they are presented to the Senate, and we hope that the clause concerning every special agreement of arbitration will not delay arbitration itself. Each arbitral treaty, no matter how jealously guarded, is an argument in the movement towards arbitration as a substitute for war.



*The Navy
Defended*

The statement by Rear-Admiral Converse made public last week is in the nature of a report to the Secretary of the Navy, and may therefore be regarded as an official reply to some of the criticisms of our navy made recently by Mr. Reuter dahl and other writers for the press. We say "some of the criticisms" because Admiral Converse, writing as the head of the Naval Board of Construction, naturally confines himself to problems of construction, and does not take up the question of clumsy and intricate relations between the various Bureaus of the Department. This is a serious side of the subject, and in due time Congress will doubtless recognize the necessity of a certain amount of reorganization. Admiral Converse writes in good temper and with perfect clearness. Summarized in a few words, the gist of the report is: Imperfections do exist in the construction of our war-ships—they exist also and in a relatively greater degree in other navies; naval construction is not an exact art, every new ship should be better than its predecessors, and our oldest ships in service should be exempt from the kind of criticism fairly applied to ships new or newly planned. All this is included in the following broad declaration:

Our ships are not inferior to those of foreign services. We have made compromises

in our designs of battle-ships because it is impossible to construct a perfect battle-ship; such compromises have perhaps detracted from the desired perfect ship in some respects, but at the same time have made it possible to improve upon some other existing disadvantages, and on the whole the compromises, each and all, have tended toward a nearer approach to the desired perfect finality.

Other nations have labored and will, like ourselves, continue to labor under the same difficulty in endeavoring to approach as nearly as possible to that impossibility—a perfect battle-ship. In making compromises in the building of our ships, I am satisfied that in every instance all concerned in the work have acted honestly and patriotically and only with the desire to produce the best ship possible. The result has been in each case, ship by ship, and year by year, an improvement upon all that have preceded, and no ship has been built by us inferior to those of any nation designed at the same time.

Taking up the criticism in detail, the Admiral gives dates and figures to sustain the decisions of the Board of Construction on the points attacked. Thus, fleet drill has been impossible hitherto, because we have not had a complete fleet of two squadrons of eight battle-ships; now we have a full fleet, and it is getting splendid "battle drill" in its Pacific voyage. As to the low freeboard (the distance between deck and water-line) charged against our ships, he shows by a long list of foreign ships that it is very far from the fact that "all modern battle-ships in foreign navies have forward decks from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet above the water," and holds that our latest designs of ships fully equal foreign vessels in this respect, and that only our very oldest ships are too low forward to fight well in fairly heavy weather. Russia, in the late war, suffered from too much freeboard in her ships; Japan in her newly planned ships is avoiding excessive height. Another point of serious attack by the critics has been the position of the armor belts; Admiral Converse holds that a ship to be in fighting trim should not be heavily laden, and that the Russian fleet in the battle of Tsushima was terribly overloaded. The depth to which the armor belt should extend below the water-line, therefore, should be figured for the fighting-trim condition of the ship, not for a heavily-laden condition; and, having regard for a normal

draught, our ships, it is argued, are in the main rightly designed. It is admitted that the ammunition-hoists on our ships have been wrongly designed in that some break between the magazine or handling-room and the turret where the guns are loaded is necessary to insure safety; and that the unfortunate accidents in four turrets of our war-ships have emphasized the necessity for improvement. This improvement, however, has been made or is being made in our ships, and as the matter now stands Admiral Converse asserts that in this respect it cannot be said that the practice abroad in general is any safer than in this country. Many other points are considered in thorough exposition, and the general conclusion reached is that the country need have no fear that our battle-ships will not give an excellent account of themselves—"the quality of our navy is second to none; in quantity of vessels alone are we lacking."



*Captain Hobson
Corrected*

Captain Hobson belongs to the small but noisy army of those

who are beating the tom-tom on the Japanese question and doing all they can to stir up trouble. No agitation could be more short-sighted and unpatriotic, nor could any be more misleading if the realities of the situation are considered. While ministers of state and influential men in Japan and America are steadily and persistently declaring that the best possible understanding exists between the two Governments, a number of mischief-making newspapers and mischief-making or ill-informed persons are trying to create the impression that this country is in imminent danger from Japanese aggression. Captain Hobson has been very severely called to account by Mr. John H. De Forest, of Auburndale, Massachusetts, for the declaration that "Japan has had the war habit for more than eight hundred years; it is with her a question of heredity. It is inevitable that as the Japanese emerge from wars of their own they engage in wars with other countries. . . . Japan uses the science and knowledge of the world chiefly for war," Mr. De Forest

expresses his surprise that a Congressman should not know that for about three centuries no nation could compare with the Japanese for the peace habit. While Europe and America were going through long years of bitter fighting, Japan had enjoyed more than two hundred and fifty years of internal and external peace. For ages, in the traditional teaching of Japan, the cherry-blossom—type of the delicate beauty which gives itself in self-sacrifice at the end—has been a great educational symbol. When Perry opened Japan, the one thing that shocked the Japanese was the sanguinary aspect of Western history, and an eminent Japanese moralist begged his Government to send him on a mission to the West that he might urge the nations to put an end to the brutal wars which Japan profoundly disliked. Mr. De Forest calls attention to the fact that while Western nations sing their national hymns with reservation when representatives of other countries are present, the Japanese hymn, which is of recent date, may be sung boldly in the presence of the whole world.



*Not Even Respectable
Nonsense*

Captain Hobson appears to have made the same blunder in regard to China, whose inhabitants he fears will descend in irresistible force on the Pacific coast. His apprehensions should be quieted by statements recently made by the Hon. John W. Foster, the author of "Present Conditions in China," who says: "For many generations China has been the least warlike of any of the great nations. Her most venerated philosopher and statesman, Confucius, taught its people that nations as well as individuals should settle their differences by appeals to right and justice." Mr. De Forest also quotes Count Katsura, the Japanese Prime Minister and a general of the regular army, who said: "I am a soldier, but I hate war. I tried every possible way to come to a settlement with Russia through peaceful means, and after six months of useless diplomatic correspondence we simply had to fight for our national existence." Mr. Taft ought to know

something about the matter, and he takes every possible occasion to declare that the friendly relations between Japan and the United States are absolutely undisturbed. Mr. De Forest sharply criticises Captain Hobson for speaking glibly and inaccurately of "ultimatums" and "demands." While Captain Hobson is breathing fire and slaughter, and talking about ultimatums, the Secretary of War is declaring that "never for a moment was there, as between the Government of the United States and the Government of Japan, the slightest departure from perfect good temper, mutual confidence, and kindly consideration;" and our Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Luke Wright, on his return from Japan last fall, put the whole matter in a sentence: "The talk of war between this country and Japan isn't even respectable nonsense." From the standpoint of rationality and truth this talk is irresponsible nonsense, but unfortunately it is kept up with such persistence that in the end it may do serious injury to the relations of the two countries. It is a kind of treason to injure one's country by defaming its neighbor.



*A Report of
Progress*

The New York Public Service Commissions, whose creation constituted the greatest achievement of the first year of Governor Hughes's administration, completed their first six months of work on the 31st of December. Their reports covering the operations of that period have now come to hand. In the case of both Commissions the report is substantially one of "progress," for the problems which confront them are too vast and too complicated for adequate solution in a few months. The Commission for the First District—Greater New York—found its greatest problem in the rapid transit conditions of the metropolitan district. The inadequacy of the existing transit lines to take care, with efficiency and some approach to comfort, of the overwhelming tide of travel which ebbs and flows from and to the lower end of Manhattan Island every working day was self-evident. It required no especial investigation to show the need. In striving to meet that need the Com-

mission found its duty a double one—to plan and to provide for the construction of additional rapid transit lines, and to improve the facilities and service of the roads already existing. In pursuance of the first object the Commission revised and perfected the plans already made by the Rapid Transit Board for the Fourth Avenue Subway, which will run from the Brooklyn end of the Manhattan Bridge to Fort Hamilton and Coney Island, and for the subway loop to connect the Manhattan ends of the Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Manhattan bridges. The plans for these lines were materially simplified, the tunnels were enlarged so as to accommodate the regular cars in use on the suburban railways if it should ever prove desirable to make connections with them, grades were lowered, and increased capacity and greater safety of operation were provided for. A new subway route was laid out from the Manhattan Bridge through Canal Street to the North River, and a new north-and-south line from the Battery through Broadway and Lexington Avenue to the northern limits of the city. In undertaking the construction of these rapid transit lines the Commission found itself confronted with practically impossible conditions imposed by the provisions of the State Constitution and the Rapid Transit Law. All rapid transit lines must be built by the city at its own expense; but the amount of money which the city may borrow for all purposes, including such construction, is strictly limited, and the limit of borrowing capacity is almost reached. The recommendations of the Commission for amendments to the Constitution and the statutes in order to alleviate these conditions have already been discussed in *The Outlook* for February 1.



*Deplorable Conditions
and Some Remedies*

In pursuance of its second duty, that of improving the facilities and service of the existing lines, the Commission made thorough investigations, through its own staff of engineers and inspectors, of the conditions in many parts of the city. After giving the railway companies every

opportunity to be heard in defense of their inadequate or unsatisfactory facilities, the Commission issued orders in many cases for substantial increases in the service. Orders of this kind were issued for additional expresses and local trains on the subway, and on each of the elevated lines at certain hours of the day, notably during the rush periods and the hours just before and after them. On the surface lines specific improvements in service were ordered on the Fourth Avenue, the Broadway, and the Eighth Avenue lines. One of the most frequent causes of complaint which were presented to the Commission was the defective condition of the equipment on the surface railways in Manhattan. A careful inspection was made by the engineers of the Commission of some 1,600 out of the 2,000 cars operated by the New York City Railway Company. It was found that "one-quarter of the cars had flat wheels; that one-half of them needed painting in part or in whole; that one-half rattled; that two-thirds had gear noises; that one out of every six was operated without headlights, and that over 100 cars were 'filthy.'" It was found that "upon the whole system during the month of October there were between 12,000 and 13,000 hours that cars were 'run in' for emergency defects, which is equivalent to thirty cars taken off the road entirely for fifteen hours during every day of the month." As a result of the investigation, the Railway Company was ordered to put its rolling stock into "first-class operating and practically new condition," at the rate of not fewer than ten cars daily beginning on the 15th of February. Orders were also issued for improved service on certain lines in Brooklyn and the Bronx. In order to determine the ability of the rapid transit companies to perform the public service for which they were chartered, the Commission determined to make a general examination of the financial condition, the control, management, and operation of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, which control practically all the transportation facilities in New York City. Thirty-

eight hearings were held, with Mr. William M. Ivins as special counsel, and nearly three thousand printed pages of testimony were taken. Some of the evidence revealed "the misuse of corporate funds, the diversion of earnings from legitimate channels, profligate management, reckless, if not illegal, expenditures, and loose and incorrect accounting." The revelations were hardly less astounding than those in the insurance investigation, and the New York City Railway Company promptly went into the hands of receivers. In connection with gas and electric lighting, the Commission has introduced more satisfactory methods of testing meters, and has succeeded in settling, to the satisfaction certainly of the consumer and presumably of the company, numerous complaints, many of them of long standing. As has been already said, the Commission's report is practically one of "progress." The things which it has accomplished are only first steps on the course which it may confidently be expected to follow. But its six months' existence has firmly established in practical working form the principle of government supervision and control of the public service affairs of New York City.



The Up-State Commission

The Commission for the Second District, in even larger measure than its companion body, has been engaged in its first half-year in the study of the conditions which it is its duty to regulate; but certain definite results have also been accomplished. The Commission has received over four hundred complaints against public service corporations, and has succeeded in remedying in a large number of cases the causes of the complaints, by correspondence and conference with the corporations and the complainants. The Commission's statement that "the corporations have generally evidenced a desire to be fair, and have shown a commendable co-operation with the Commission in remedying the grievances and satisfying a proper demand for improved conditions," reports a condition which has not been any too common in the past, but which the

Inter-State Commerce Commission has also disclosed. The establishment of a medium through which a private citizen may obtain prompt, fair, and co-operative consideration from a public service corporation against which he has a grievance is in itself no small triumph. The Commission has granted permits to five traction companies and to twelve electric light and gas companies for construction and the use of franchises; and permits in nine cases to railway companies and in fifteen cases to lighting companies for the issuance of stocks and bonds. The power of the Commission to issue such permits and thus to regulate the capitalization of public service corporations is for the first time exercised by any governmental body in the State. The Commission has given exhaustive study to the subject of rates for passenger travel, freight rates and service, the condition and adequacy of the equipment, on the steam railways of the State, and the causes and prevention of railway accidents. In the one matter of the running of trains on time the investigations of the Commission have revealed unsatisfactory conditions in many parts of the State, some of which it has been able already to correct.



Water Rights and the States

Pennsylvania coal mines are not worth as much to Pennsylvanians as are the waters of New York State, fully utilized, to its citizens. Such waters would furnish power to generate electricity to turn the wheels in every manufacturing plant, to light every plant and every house, to run every kind of car, and, finally, to cook all the food consumed in the latter State. We are just beginning to realize that water is even a greater natural resource than is land. How shall we conserve, then, this most precious resource? Its supply depends upon the existence of forests. Before they were badly hacked and scarred and destroyed, we did not need the large storage dams now required for irrigation, canalization, water power, and electric power from water. In order to build as few dams as possible we must keep and increase our forests. How shall it be

done? There are only two methods, and both must be used. The State must acquire more forests by purchase, and it must plant trees on non-tillable land. Moreover, as the State Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner, Mr. Whipple, indicates in his annual report, the State itself may have to condemn land for storage purposes; at all events, it should supervise further dam construction. Though more than a quarter of the total horse-power from falling water used in the United States is developed within New York State, 550,000 additional horse-power energy, the Commissioner estimates, is annually lost because there is no comprehensive State control of the flood waters. Storage of these waters not only provides, of course, power developed at the site of the dam, but also increases the power of every user down the stream. As the Commissioner says, the fear of improving the plant and power of a competitor might restrain an owner of water power from going further up the stream and building a storage dam which would increase the value of his neighbor's plant as well as his own. Of course private individuals and corporations think of immediate gains and are tempted to avoid work essential to lasting success. Nevertheless, as Mr. Whipple points out, even though several interests should be willing to engage in a joint enterprise looking to these larger resources, there would still be the lack of power to condemn lands for storage purposes, for which recourse must be had to the lawmaking body. What Mr. Whipple asks for in New York State we should ask for, wherever possible, in the Nation. Grants to special privilege must henceforth give place to a recognition of the general welfare.



The Conviction of General Stoessel

When it was announced that General Stoessel, "the hero of Port Arthur," was to be put on trial for his life on charges of cowardice and insubordination, the impression in this country was that either the trial was a formality made necessary by Russian law whenever a Russian general surrendered a Russian fort, or that it was

due to the eagerness of the Russian military bureaucrats to fix upon an individual the burden of inefficiency and bad organization which belonged to the Government at large. But, as the trial went on, a large amount of evidence was produced to show that Stoessel was blameworthy. He has now been convicted by a military court and has been condemned to death, but with a recommendation to mercy. We may here ignore many minor charges brought against him, upon which the court apparently laid little stress; yet it may be noted in passing that if it was true, as alleged, that the General in command at Port Arthur allowed his wife to conduct an agency for the selling of provisions, and that this agency profited by advance knowledge of the capitulation, no more contemptible crime was ever charged against a soldier. The main offense of which General Stoessel has been judged guilty is that he surrendered long before it was necessary, and thereby freed the Japanese besieging army to march north and aid in the terrific and decisive battles about to take place. No one denies that Port Arthur was bound to fall, but it is asserted that at the time of the surrender there were food and ammunition enough to hold out for six weeks at least, that the inner lines of fortification were never defended at all, and that delay in surrendering would have been of immense importance to the general Russian campaign. Furthermore, the court held that General Stoessel had been exceedingly inefficient in the details of the defense; that, while General Kondratenko was alive, Stoessel allowed him to conduct a brilliant and brave defense, but after Kondratenko's death in battle Stoessel, it is held by the court, showed gross military inefficiency and carelessness. And even before the siege began it is held that Stoessel was guilty of military insubordination. After he had been sent to Port Arthur the Commander-in-Chief in the East, General Kuropatkin, tried to put General Smirnof in the real command, but confused the matter by leaving Stoessel (who practically refused to recognize Smirnof) in charge of the fort itself and making Smirnof commander

of the military district in which the fort was situated. Smirnof appears to have been an able man, but the two Generals quarreled from the beginning to the end of the siege, and the result has been that the charges just tried were preferred chiefly by General Smirnof and largely sustained by his testimony. It is impossible at this distance and without a fuller report of the evidence to do more than assume that this three months' trial has been conducted fairly, and that General Stoessel and his subordinate commander, General Fock, who was also convicted, were guilty at least of some degree of military negligence. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the Japanese have credited Stoessel with brave and heroic conduct. Captain Tsunoda (who negotiated for the surrender) says that Stoessel was right in believing that Port Arthur could not have held out more than a fortnight longer and that then a general massacre would have been inevitable. Captain Tsunoda adds: "If others forget it, we remember that Port Arthur cost us sixty thousand lives by gunfire alone. We dug forty kilometers of parallels, and expended thirty million rounds of ammunition."



Professor Milyukov and the Duma The recent lecture of Professor Milyukov in New York summarizing Russian history during the past three years has called forth criticism in Russia. The reactionary members of the Duma were incensed, declaring that Professor Milyukov had lowered the dignity of the Russian Parliament by complaining to Americans concerning Russia's purely domestic concerns. Together with some of the more moderate Conservatives, these members showed their displeasure by inaugurating a parliamentary boycott designed to make impossible Professor Milyukov's further political activity. This boycott was inaugurated during a discussion on a motion made to authorize the Committee on National Defense to hold secret meetings to discuss the naval programme and other strategic measures. The "other" strategic measures were doubtless those in connection with the supposed war cloud on the Persian

border. Professor Milyukov, wishing to speak on this subject, arose and proceeded to the tribunal—a sort of pulpit from which all set speeches are delivered in the Russian Parliament. In pursuance of a previous agreement, the Reactionaries and Conservatives suddenly left the Chamber, and the Duma was thus without a quorum. The President was compelled to announce an intermission. After the recess ended, the orator again mounted the tribunal, and his opponents again passed in a body into the lobby, thus causing an adjournment of the session. Undaunted, Professor Milyukov announced that he intended to defend his right to speak and would claim the floor again and again until a quorum should be present. He has now succeeded. The event was the best possible advertisement of the Milyukov address in New York. Copies of it and also of the New York newspapers of the following day have been in great demand at St. Petersburg. The excitement, however, has now abated considerably by reason of a perusal of the text of the very balanced and unimpassioned address. A number of the Conservatives are even now saying that the speech is practically without reproach and gives no opportunity for further attacks. It is a satisfaction to add that Prince Mestchersky, the editor of an influential newspaper, rebukes the Duma for its action, declaring that its “school-boyish demonstration is another proof of its lack of brains.”

*Why Should
Railway-Building
Lead to War?*

The war cloud reported in *The Outlook* last week as on the frontier between Persia and Asia Minor has now shifted to its other and ultimate source, the Balkans. Austria has proposed to construct a railway line through the Turkish province of Noviapzar, to connect Mitrovitza, Turkey, with Uvac in the Austrian province of Herzegovina. Thus the line would put Vienna, the Austrian capital, in direct rail communication with Salonika, the chief Turkish port on the Ægean. This announcement was met promptly by a counter-announcement

from Russia that if the Sultan should grant the proposed railway concession to Austria, Russia would demand the right to build a railway across the mountains from the Danube to the Adriatic. Both these projects would give an impetus to civilization. Unfortunately, however, the European Powers, jealous of any apparent undue advance on the part of any one of them, persist in regarding these projects as political rather than economic, and as having behind them secret machinations. So many rumors arose regarding Germany in this connection as to bring the announcement from the German Ambassador at Washington that no secret treaty had been concluded, as reported, between Germany, Austria, and Turkey; furthermore, that Germany would continue to give full assistance to any steps taken by Austria and Russia in Macedonia, in accordance with the programme long since approved by all the Powers; and, finally, that the German Government agrees in principle with the new judicial reforms for Macedonia favored by England. Of course German interests would be immensely favored by through rail transportation from Hamburg on the North Sea to Salonika on the Ægean, making close connection for Asia Minor, where German interests are now preponderant; as to an east-and-west or a north-and-south railway, with spurs into Macedonia, “the German Government considers railways an excellent means of carrying the much-needed reforms into Macedonia,” as the German Embassy at Washington informs *The Outlook*. It is absurd to accuse Germany of deliberately creating discord. Russia’s stand both as regards an equal right with Austria to operate in the Balkans and as regards her disposition to protect Persia has brought out an announcement from the Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg that Turkey is not mobilizing troops on the Turko-Persian frontier, but merely taking steps to protect that frontier where the wild Turkish bands in the Armenian mountains are restive. Altogether, the disturbing reports in the early part of last week have been made less formidable by the explanations that followed.

*Canada Discriminating
Against Herself*

When, some time ago, The Outlook reported the fact that the Canadian Government, in renewing its postal agreement with this country, had insisted upon what is practically a special tax upon American periodicals entering Canada, it ventured to predict that in time the arrangement would prove unsatisfactory to Canadians. Evidence to this effect has been abundant, and it is to be noted that the agitation against the continuance of the new second-class postal convention has been based almost solely on Canadian interests. Thus, a large number of newspaper publishers in the eastern part of the Province of Quebec have petitioned the Dominion Post-Office Department to have the old rates restored, because six months' trial has proved the injurious effects of the new rate to the Canadian press and people. The Montreal French Chamber of Commerce not only urged the repeal, but demanded that the Government reimburse Canadian newspaper publishers for the expense to which they have been put. It seems that there is a pretty large class of Canadian papers, including not only the large papers of the cities, but more especially the country weekly newspapers, that have a considerable, and to them very important, circulation over the border of the United States. The Printer and Publisher, which appears in Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg, names many newspapers which are actually fighting for the repeal of the present rates. The Sun, of Toronto, which represents largely the farming interests of the country, says plainly that the spirit which leads the Government to try to make it difficult for the people to obtain reading matter from one source, and to secure it from another, is really the spirit that actuates the Russian censors. As a result of this agitation in Canada, the Canadian Post-Office Department has now materially modified its policy by new rulings. Under these rulings daily newspapers may now be mailed directly to subscribers in either country by publishers in the other country at the rate of one cent per pound. Publishers of other legitimate newspapers and periodicals, except

trade publications in the United States, may send copies addressed to subscribers in Canada at the rate of one cent per pound, but only by posting them at St. John (New Brunswick), Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, and Vancouver; but each particular publication must have been accepted after examination, as complying with the conditions named by the Post-Office Department of Canada. It will be seen that so far as periodicals other than daily papers are concerned, discrimination still exists against American publishers, but the new order is an improvement.



*The Children's
Judge*

"The friend of the friendless boy" is the title by which Bishop Greer introduced Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, at a meeting held at the West Side Young Men's Christian Association building in New York City last week. Judge Lindsey is affectionately and familiarly known as the "Kid Judge" of Denver. He stated the problem as "How to save the child and bring out the image of God which is in him." The old method of treating the boy who broke the law was merely to punish him; Judge Lindsey's way is to save him and keep him from becoming a criminal. A boy plays truant from school, he gets with the "gang," is arrested for stealing perhaps, and sent to jail; then the jail becomes his teacher, and before long he is arrested again. Judge Lindsey says that before judging the lawbreaking boy too severely we must go back of the actual misdemeanor and see what his environment has been. Usually the boy comes from a careless or weakened home. In most cases it appears that the father has either deserted his family, or has died, often as the result of accident incurred in his daily work. The mother, with five or six children to support, comes home at night tired, and probably not in the best of tempers; the home is unattractive and hateful to the boy, and the street takes its place. Therefore an important part of the solution of the problem is to strengthen and elevate the home. The ignorant parents must be enlightened, and the careless made to

feel their responsibility. "Contributory delinquency" is a legal offense now in Colorado, so that a dive-keeper or parent who encourages a boy in bad ways is liable to fine or imprisonment. In dealing with the lawbreaking boy in Denver Judge Lindsey has adopted a probation system, and he seeks to make the employer, the teacher, the parent, and the policeman co-operate in an effort to save the child and make him a good citizen instead of a criminal. Boys are divided into two classes, the school-boy and the working boy; and the homes into two classes, the careless and the weakened or helpless home. If a boy is away from school, the Court is notified at once. Judge Lindsey's method is the personal one. He talks with each boy who is brought before him, and tries to gain his confidence, making him feel that he loves him and wants to help him and see that he gets a "square deal," but at the same time making him realize, if possible, that sin is sin, and that he ought to do right because it is right. The text, so to speak, of Judge Lindsey's address was that, in solving the problem of the boy criminal, love, tempered with great firmness, must be the governing spirit. "You can't reform a bad boy by patting him on the back and telling him to be good." He reiterated that "there is no justice without love, and love without justice is sentiment and weakness." The boy must be made to feel that in trying to save him from jail we are not trying to save him from the penalty of his own misdeeds, but to help him to become a man—to give him a chance. He said: "When you convince the boy that you have come to help and not to hurt, to uplift and not to degrade, that you have come with life and light, and not with gloom, it is astonishing what you can do."



A Practical Solution A boy's physical condition, under Judge Lindsey's system, is recognized as an important factor in the case. Many a boy becomes a lawbreaker because he is insufficiently fed. Frequently the arrested boy is sent to a doctor, who sometimes reports that he is a weakling and not fully responsible; he must then be

strengthened physically, as well as mentally and morally. A boy is often arrested for wrong-doing when he may not be bad at heart, but when he is "sent to school to the jailer" he becomes hardened, and the process of degeneration begins. He hates the policeman and the jailer, and, as they represent the State to him, he hates the State. The Judge cited the case of one boy who had been first put in jail at the age of twelve; at the age of twenty-two he said, with intense hatred in his voice, the night before his execution, "I've got even with the State; I've killed two cops." Judge Lindsey finds that the bad boy is not all bad, and tries to encourage him and cultivate his good qualities. The boy on the street—the boy of the "gang"—almost always shows a spirit of loyalty to his fellows in that he is not willing to "snitch" or tell on them. Such boys have also a sense of honor, when appealed to in the right way. Judge Lindsey has sent more than two hundred to the reform school alone (giving them cash to pay their fare by rail from Denver, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles), and in less than half a dozen cases has the boy failed him, and almost all of these went voluntarily soon afterward. Six out of seven of the boys who have come under Judge Lindsey's care have become average good citizens, whereas in another large city where the old system is in use seventy-five per cent who are arrested go again to jail. The hold which Judge Lindsey has upon his boys is shown by the following incident: One who was out on parole brought such good reports from school that his mother asked him how it was that he was so much better than formerly. He replied: "If I am bad again, the Judge will lose his job. He is my friend and I am going to stick by him." Judge Lindsey spoke impressively of the great power of example, whether for good or evil, and called upon his audience to remember that every man and woman is to a degree responsible for a state of affairs which makes possible the environment of many of these boys. The appeal which he made to those who pray not to unite for the sake of gain, as they too often do, with those who prey was telling. In closing he said: "The problem is social,

political, economic. The child is the State and the State is the child, and just so far as we neglect the child do we endanger the State."



*The National
Religious Education
Association*

The fifth General
Convention of the
Religious Educa-
tion Association

has recently been held in Washington, D. C. The visiting delegates were received by President Roosevelt, who, in a brief address of welcome and appreciation, well stated the service which this Association is attempting to render to the country: "I doubt if there is any lesson more essential to teach in an industrial democracy like ours than the lesson that any failure to train the average citizen to a belief in the things of the spirit no less than the things of the body must in the long run entail misfortune, shortcoming, possible disaster upon the nation itself." To awake the Nation to the necessity for such training, by public meetings, by papers and addresses, by urging educational improvement in the work of the Sunday-schools, by urging preparation for such religious education in our colleges and universities, by insisting on a broader and more practical education in our theological schools, by inspiring a sense of the pre-eminent importance in the home of education in the things of the spirit, is the object of this organization. Its existence is an encouraging sign of the ethical awakening of our time—an awakening which it is to be hoped will make our education more spiritual and our religion more rational and practical. Grouping five of its chief addresses, its message this year may be interpreted thus: The characteristic of our age is the discovery of a social conscience, interpreting religious ideals, and holding men increasingly responsible for the fulfillment of social obligations. This social conscience, finding expression not only in the churches and the distinctively religious though undenominational organizations, but also in philanthropic, moral reform and political reform societies and in social settlements, is shown in the clearer understanding and the more vigorous insistence upon

moral obligations in all departments of life—social, industrial, and political—and in a broader human sympathy for foreign peoples suffering under oppression. Its effect is especially illustrated and perhaps most clearly exhibited in the progressive development of National ideas on the subject of the rights and obligations of property, beginning in the agitation against slavery, and exhibited to-day in the public agitation against all forms of gambling and of wealth oppression. In this development the ideals to be kept constantly before the Nation are the ideals inculcated alike by the teaching and the example of Jesus of Nazareth. We thus endeavor to interpret as in a composite speech the addresses of Francis G. Peabody, Washington Gladden, Rabbi Gries, Lyman Abbott, and Rufus M. Jones.



*Bishop
Satterlee*

Few men could pass from Washington life and be so sincerely missed as Bishop Satterlee. He was emphatically a man among men. He knew how to live among men. Yet he needed no rules of conduct. He needed only to be himself, simple, straightforward, sincere. Those who knew him best will think of him not so much in his official capacity and appearance; they will remember the man rather than the priest, the gentleman, the winsome companion, the kindly humorist, the judicially minded critic, the uncompromising denouncer of vice, the virile, indefatigable worker. When Dr. Satterlee came to the congregation of Calvary Church, New York City, he found it small, select, fashionable, conservative; when he left, it was large, representative, hard-working, and influential among all classes. In his diocese of Washington—extending also over a part of Maryland—he did much similarly to broaden the character of the whole Episcopal Church there. As the diocese embraced the Nation's Capital, the Bishop's influence became, as it should be, more and more National. That was the influence he wanted to be exerted by his special project—the proposed Washington cathedral, "a house of prayer for all men," as he was wont to say. And then he

would add, "We *must* nationalize that cathedral." To him more than to any other is due the selection of the cathedral's site, style of architecture, and architect. No flamboyant architectural aberrations appealed to the Bishop's idea of how art should express the spiritual life; only the Gothic appealed to him as the most spiritual of styles, yet a Gothic of the golden age of architecture. Dr. Bodley—who has since died—himself an exponent of the best traditions, was chosen as architect, together with his disciple and friend, Mr. Henry Vaughan, of Boston. The Bishop, sixty-five years old, was so vigorous as to lead to the constantly expressed hope that he would live to see the walls of his cathedral rise.



*Offenses Against
Good Journalism*

A newspaper which prints a "fake" interview, or impertinent and vulgar comment on private persons, commits a serious breach against journalistic morals; and it is difficult to understand what it gains by publishing one day a story which it is compelled the next day to retract, on the ground either of ignorance or carelessness. This is precisely what several leading newspapers have done within the last two weeks. The New York World made a special feature of an alleged interview with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, which was calculated to awaken the antagonism of working people and to stir their resentment. Every well-posted newspaper man is quite aware of the difficulty of securing an interview with Mr. Morgan, and any such man would have required the most convincing authentication before publishing what purported to be a long and extremely frank talk by the well-known banker. The sensational character of the alleged interview stamped it as a "fake" from beginning to end, and the editor who accepted it as genuine was guilty of the most extraordinary ignorance or the most extraordinary credulity. The damage was done when the article was published. The acknowledgment in a subsequent issue that the World had been imposed upon did not remove the impression which the alleged interview had

produced. And the most extraordinary feature of the World's treatment of the matter was its publication, in the same issue with its retraction, of a series of comments on the alleged interview from a number of newspapers.



*Untrue and
Impertinent*

A number of well-known newspapers were last week guilty of giving prominent positions to a report of an alleged interview with Mrs. Hetty Green, in which that lady was quoted as making obviously ridiculous statements, among them that "some of the solidest men of the Street" had come to her for aid; that a leading capitalist in New York had appealed to her for a loan of one million dollars, and had secured it; that a leading New York family of great wealth had offered "a box two feet long, containing the famous ——— jewels," as security for a loan, together with other entirely impertinent remarks touching various members of this family. The different people whose names were mentioned in this alleged interview have promptly and unequivocally denied all the statements with regard to themselves. And even if the statements were true, they were impertinent; they did not belong to the public; they were invasions of privacy of the kind which the American public has too long permitted. Their appearance in reputable journals was a shock to those who care for the good manners and good morals of American journalism.



A Hero's Death "Come on, boys. Follow me," was the cheery order with which Deputy Chief Kruger, of the New York Fire Department, always took his men into action. He never asked them to go where he wouldn't go first. And it was with this cry on his lips that he charged, in the early morning of February 14, into a cellar on Canal Street. Next door a stubborn fire was burning, and the Chief, with half a dozen of his men, was bent on a flank attack. The cellar was filled with smoking débris and the fumes from broken gas-pipes, and the progress of the little company was slow. Suddenly the man behind the Chief saw, through the murk, the

white helmet of his leader drop out of sight and heard an ominous splash. Kruger, pressing eagerly forward in the dark, had fallen through an open trap into a sub-cellar, six feet deep with water, and with no stairway or other connection with the floor above. For a few minutes that seemed an hour three of the firemen succeeded in holding the Chief up out of the water, while their comrades ran for a ladder. But just before the ladder came Kruger, weighted down with boots and coat and helmet, slipped from their grasp, and when they got him out he was dead. For thirty-four years Kruger had been connected with the Fire Department, and he represented the finest type of fireman. He was a relentless fire-fighter, a fine disciplinarian, severe but kindly, and a leader who enjoyed the confidence of his superiors and of the men below him. He was a hero, and he met a hero's death, not because it was heroic to go into that treacherous cellar, but because he always met his duty, and the danger it brought with it, more than half-way. In an interview the day after the fire, Chief Croker gave a characteristic and forceful description of the conditions which make the fire-fighter's a heroic life. He said:

"Firemen have been killed in this city before poor Charley Kruger and the other chaps gave up their lives. And," he added, with that characteristic bulldog shake of the jaw, "firemen are going to be killed right along. They know it—every man of them. When they join the department they face that fact. They know that fire-fighting is a hazardous occupation; it is dangerous on the face of it, tackling a burning building. The risks are plain even to any fool. There is not a man in a fire company in this city that does not know this as well as you or I do. Consequently, when a man becomes a fireman his act of bravery has already been accomplished. What he does after that, in the way of routine, even if he meets death, is all in the line of his work. He was not thinking of getting killed when he went where death lurked. He was thinking of putting the fire out. He went there to put it out—and he got killed. So you see that's about all there is to it."

A movement has been started to erect a memorial to Chief Kruger and his companions in the Department who have given their lives in the performance of their duty. Such a movement needs no indorsement; its appeal is obvious.

Rats, Fleas, and the Plague

A serious demand is put forth in San Francisco for what the Argonaut terms the de-ratization of the city. While there is almost a comical aspect to this subject, it is in point of fact far from being a joke. Not a single case of bubonic plague among human beings is believed to exist in San Francisco to-day. Since last May one hundred and thirty-seven cases have been identified and treated; the death rate, always large in this disease, has been kept within reasonable bounds. The last case was pronounced cured and discharged several weeks ago. But, despite all this, the Argonaut, to which we are indebted for the facts here stated, declares that a very real danger must be faced at once. Bubonic plague is essentially a rat disease; the saying goes, "No rat, no plague;" investigation shows that the disease is rampant to-day among San Francisco rats. When the spring comes, a certain species of flea appears as a parasite of the rat, and the danger of infection, first from rat to flea, and then from flea to mankind, is a threatened peril which must not be disregarded. The flea in question is not that wretched and only too common pest, the *pulex irritans*, but a special variety known to science as the *pulex cheopis*, yet he is common enough to make the danger more than trifling. The remedy is to extend the campaign which has been carried on for some months under the direction of Dr. Rupert Blue, United States Marine Surgeon, with a small army of assistant inspectors and workmen, numbering four hundred in all. They have been killing about a thousand rats a day, and they now call on the citizens to aid them directly and also by destroying the conditions which produce the rats. This includes the doing away with open drains and wooden floors, and the proper destruction of garbage—which last should, the experts say, immediately be made a municipal function in San Francisco. What can be done in this way is shown by the statement that when the city of Glasgow had a comparatively slight epidemic of bubonic plague (only eighteen cases in all), the municipal government spent \$1,500,000 in an anti-rat campaign

whereby the plague was exorcised and has never returned. In San Francisco the United States Government is now spending about \$30,000 a month, and the city government about \$12,000 a month, and it is urged that these amounts be doubled.



*The Highlands of
the Hudson a
National Forest?*

We like to think that one important result of Dr. Partridge's recent article in *The Outlook* on the desirability of establishing a National Forest in the Highlands of the Hudson may be found in the bill introduced last week in the House of Representatives by Mr. Bradley, of New York. It authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to acquire "lands more valuable for the regulation of stream-flow than for other purposes, and situated on the watersheds of navigable streams" in those Highlands. The idea of having a National rather than a State forest in the Highlands is that, as the navigable rivers of our country belong to the Federal Government, so should their watersheds. The bill provides for an appropriation of \$750,000, and considers only the conservation and supply of wood and water, thus reflecting the material value of the Highlands. But, as *The Outlook* has already pointed out, the Highlands have another value as a National forest, for in it would be located the chief military school, West Point, and the naval station at Iona Island. A still higher value would be the inevitable perpetuation, unchanged, of a region intimately and vitally associated in history with our National beginning. We have National Parks at the battlefields of Chickamauga, Shiloh, and Gettysburg. We should have a National Forest, to include a great National park, in the historic Highlands of the Hudson. Finally, a gratifyingly increasing sentiment inclines Americans more and more towards protecting whatever natural beauty America holds. This should be especially true with the picturesque Highlands of the Hudson, conveniently available as they are to tourists from all parts of the country and to all lovers of beauty.

Justice to Teachers

On another page a correspondent intimately familiar with the public school system of New York City pleads for the justice of the demand of some of the women teachers of New York that the Legislature of the State shall fix the salaries of men and women teachers on an equal basis. Women teachers, they say, should receive the same pay as men teachers for equal work. By equal work they mean work in the same titular position. *The Outlook* heartily believes in justice to teachers, but it believes that the Teachers' Equal Pay Bill will produce not justice, but injustice.

That there are inequalities in the salaries of the teachers of the New York public schools is an acknowledged fact. They ought to be corrected. But they ought to be corrected by the Board of Education, not by the Legislature. The Board of Education represents the people who pay the money; the Legislature does not. The Board of Education knows the facts and conditions existing in the city of New York; the Legislature, with all its other duties, cannot adequately acquaint itself with the facts or conditions. The adjustment of salaries involves a complicated problem which cannot be settled out of hand by such a statement of a general principle as that made by our correspondent, but involves a careful weighing of a variety of considerations. The epigram "Equal wages for equal work" may be applied to ditch-digging, where the value of the work can be estimated by the number of cubic yards removed in a day, but it is wholly inapplicable to the higher forms of labor. Alfred Tennyson with little labor writes twenty lines, for which he may receive a thousand dollars; a contemporary with much greater labor writes twenty lines and cannot get anything for his work. A teacher's ability cannot be measured any more than a poet's by the time spent and the apparent result produced. The payment due to Squeers would be life imprisonment; the payment due to Dr. Arnold is inestimable in money.

Specifically, a woman and a man cannot do equal work. In some places a

feminine influence is needed; a man cannot exert it. In others a masculine influence is needed; a woman cannot exert it. A woman is not a man in petticoats; a man is not a woman in trousers. Their work is essentially and inevitably different. In some cases a woman ought to have a higher wage than a man; and in other cases a man a higher wage than a woman. And in innumerable cases one man ought to have a higher wage for the same hours in the same school-room than another man, and one woman than another woman. For these reasons the local Board of Education, within some general limits laid down by the Legislature, should be given freedom to determine what salaries it will pay to the teachers it employs.

In his report to the Board of Education of New York City for the year 1906-7 Dr. William H. Maxwell, the Superintendent of Schools, states two principles which should determine teachers' salaries in a public school system:

1. A teacher's salary should constitute a living wage. In the case of a teacher a living wage ought to be understood to mean a salary sufficient to enable the teacher to live in respectable society and to take advantage of reasonable means of culture and recreation.

2. The salary should be such as to attract to the public schools of New York the best teaching talent in the country.

We adopt these two principles as our own in the discussion of this question. It is undoubtedly true that, according to the first principle, the salaries of many of the women teachers in New York ought to be increased; but to make their salaries the same as those of men would be to violate the second principle, because, as society is now constituted, in order to attract the best men teachers to the New York public schools—and more, rather than fewer, of such men are needed at the present time—higher salaries must be paid than are necessary to attract the best women teachers. In other words, the city must determine what services it requires, both mental, moral, and physical, from the teachers in its schools, and then must decide what it is necessary to pay in order to obtain these required services.

Whether the Board of Education in the city of New York is doing this work of selection and apportionment well or ill is not now the question. If it is doing it ill, the remedy is not to ask the Legislature to do its work for it, it is to set in force a movement to improve the Board of Education. A movement to reduce the Board of Education to nine or eleven or possibly fifteen members, and to secure on that Board a fair proportion of educational experts, will have *The Outlook's* heartiest support. But the present organized effort of a large number of the women teachers to increase their salaries is an attempt to remedy a recognized injustice by a method which is itself unjust and unintelligent.



The Night Riders

Masked, or smothered in false beards, a band of men in the dead of night have swooped upon a Kentucky town. They have seized the police and fire departments, have set guards over the telegraph and telephone offices and over the street corners, and have held the town at their mercy. They have set fire to the great, costly tobacco-houses, have waited till the destruction was complete, and then, whooping and firing, have ridden away to disperse at cross-roads and by-lanes, with no trail behind. Not once, but again and again, has this happened. Sacked wheat has been burned in the field, live stock mercilessly butchered, fields of young tobacco destroyed. Barns and cross-roads stores have been burned, and even peaceful households asleep have been 'shot up.' There are men who bear the scars of cruel whippings; others who have been maimed by the explosion of dynamite in threshing-machines.

Some people in Kentucky excuse this violence as an armed protest against what is believed to be tyranny and oppression. The insurrection is not against the Government, but against a power which the insurgents regard as stronger than the Government. This power is the so-called Tobacco Trust. Many even of those who are indignant at the outrages of the night riders believe

that this great company has become despotic. After the Trust was formed in 1890 by the coalescing of five great companies, the price of tobacco steadily fell. On the other hand, the cost of production, according to the planters, steadily rose. To the tobacco farmers the result was disastrous. Upon farm after farm poverty left a blight of dilapidated buildings, and upon family after family a blight of acerbity and despair. Besides the Trust, there is the Regie—a tobacco-born word pronounced Ree-jee—which is the instrument by which tobacco is supplied to those foreign nations which make the importation of tobacco a government monopoly. (The Regie countries are Italy, France, Spain, Austria-Hungary, and Japan.) Between the Trust and the Regie there is understood to be a working arrangement, though collusion in this, as in other similar affairs, is denied. Moreover, the tobacco-raisers firmly believe that the taxes laid on tobacco are so arranged as to make them wholly, or almost wholly, at the mercy of the buyers. And they feel that the United States Senate, which has stood against a change in the tax, is beyond their reach.

In 1904 a number of planters, in order to withstand the pressure of the buying trust, formed a selling trust. This is the Planters' Protective Association, which has grown to a membership of twenty-seven thousand. To its control and discretion its members pledge absolutely their tobacco crops for three years. Because there is a long wait—commonly of a year—between delivery and settling, many planters become discouraged and are tempted to sell to the Trust at a round price. The Trust has taken advantage of this fact to offer round prices, to make some advance in price, and to give special inducements to the biggest growers; at the same time it has refused to pay an equally high price for the tobacco held by the Association. As a consequence the members of the organization which has driven the Trust to raise its prices have been the last to profit by their own efforts. Naturally, the members of the Association are embittered. Moreover, this Association, which was formed in the so-called Black Patch, is only one of a number of

similar organizations of men who live, literally, on the soil. Of these the latest is the Burley Tobacco Association, formed among those who raise white burley tobacco. The effects among them have been the same: the same rise in prices, the same profit to those who have not organized, and the same bitterness.

As a consequence, the more ignorant among the tobacco-raisers have been roused to fury. Against the hill-billys—those farmers who, by remaining outside the Associations, have had all the profit and none of the burden of the struggle—as well as against the Trust, they cherish a vindictive hatred. Since they know nothing but the raising of tobacco, and cannot move away, they resort to measures of retaliation. No ignorance, no helplessness, no sense of injustice, however, can excuse their savagery. One man, a railway employee, because he tried to save a string of freight cars, was desperately wounded; another man, a tobacco-buyer, because he refused to leave town, was whipped on the steps of the house in which his child lay dying. To liken such atrocities to the Boston Tea Party, as has been done in Kentucky, is an outrageous defamation of the American Revolutionists.

The Associations ought not to be held responsible for this cowardly fiendishness; indeed, they have explicitly condemned it. Happily, Kentucky has citizens who can protest with vigor. One editor in sympathy with the Associations has been risking his life because, despising the threats of the night riders, he has been unsparing in condemnation of their dastardly works.

The first duty of Kentucky is to put an end to this outbreak of organized murder. Governor Willson is undertaking that duty with courage. He has stationed the militia in the most disturbed sections; and he has appealed to the good sense of the people. When the people of Kentucky shall have brought to an end these malignant and insidious murders, they will be in a position to consider whether the situation calls for anything like revolution. By that time they will undoubtedly be convinced that even against the craft of

unscrupulous commercial powers there is a better weapon than revolutionary violence. The American people are irresistibly moving toward the complete control of even the wealthiest of their creatures. They are strong enough to make their own liberty secure through law.



Being a Boy

To make a good citizen out of a bad boy is a public service second to none. The old way of dealing with the bad boy was to shut him up with others of his kind, to regard him as a hardened criminal, to repress, punish, and threaten. The new way is to find out what is good in him and to stimulate, strengthen, and develop that side. Elsewhere in this issue of *The Outlook* an account is given of a recent address by Judge Lindsey, of Denver. The secret of his wonderful success in dealing with wayward boys in the Juvenile Court is seen to lie in his skill in making friends with them and turning to account in character-building the very qualities which, misdirected, have made them "wild"—their ambition, activity, loyalty to their fellows, love of approbation. Two weeks ago we told in *The Outlook* the equally remarkable results of Mr. George's "Republic," in which the boys actually govern themselves under laws and courts and police and business customs all made and maintained by the young citizens. Since Mr. George finds that public boy-sentiment can be trusted to deal fairly and often severely with offenses against the common interest; since Judge Lindsey can so arouse the feeling of honor in boys with whom serious measures are necessary that he can hand them the cash with which to pay their own fare to the reform school and let them go there by train unguarded—then it is clear that these men know the true psychology of the boy-nature.

It has been said a thousand times that to educate means to draw out, not to batter in; the practical application of this theory in school and in court by Mr. George and Judge Lindsey is worthy of the highest praise. The same under-

lying ideas, it should be added, though not the exact methods, are gaining ground largely in other directions in this country; several instances might be cited of admirable work in this direction in New York alone—notably that of the Young Men's Christian Association, one branch of which (as told lately by its Physical Director, Mr. Welzmler, in the *Evening Post*) has tamed bullies by making them gymnasium leaders; has recognized the fact that a boy is a truant because he likes to roam, and has made this roaming instinct profitable by organizing weekly excursions for boys into the country; has, in general, found escape-valves for the boys' superfluous steam.

All these efforts are well directed, and they are no longer in the experimental stage. If we want fewer hoodlums and more energetic, clean-lived young men, we must get at the boy from the side of his boyishness, deal with him personally, without cant, and, as Judge Lindsey would say, teach him that to be strong means to do hard things, that to be vicious is to be mean, that you want to help and not degrade him, that "squareness" and truth are worth while for their own sakes. "Being a Boy" is the title of Charles Dudley Warner's book about the country lad; it is a good phrase for reformers to bear in mind, for being a boy is the opposite of being a prig and equally the opposite of being a tough.



The Spectator

The Spectator was in the middle of an exceptionally happy morning in a noted English cathedral. It was not Barchester, though that will serve for name as well as another. He had been carelessly left alone by his guide, philosopher, and friend, who had important business elsewhere; nothing less, in fact, than the securing of lodgings in Oxford at the time of a great educational convention. The Spectator was not even a self-convicted tourist, carrying his Baedeker openly, or as a concealed weapon, or even as a prayer-book at high mass, as he had upon one occasion observed.

This is offered as apology for what followed later.



He had paced the length and breadth of Barchester Cathedral, noting well its towers, considering its palaces as it were; had closely observed its cathedra and marveled at its choir stalls with their curious carving, its pillars and groined arches; looked up in wonder at its clerestory and dreamed it a corridor of angels, and its windows the very gates of heaven; in fact, allowed himself much more latitude of thought and fancy than if his wise friend had been at his elbow to correct stupid flights of imagination and catechise him on its architecture, which had been accepted as such without definition; his special weak point he here confesses, which always put him at disadvantage when accompanied. Now he knew little and cared less whether he was giving his thought to Early English, Norman, or Gothic praise; and in his simple heart he named things as they impressed themselves on his blank tablets, with no fear of consequences.



His mind was at its saturation point after an hour or two—a fact which he could not have been brought to confess elsewhere. So, with a free yet half guilty feeling, he turned his back upon altars and rood-screens and chapels, and found himself, without effort or foreordination, before a delectable door opened out to the still more delectable greenness and beauty of—what? It must be one of those surpassing gardens, he meditated; gardens of which he had only read, and which now lay thrown open to his eager sight. Some unknown and heretofore unblessed Christian benevolence had plotted and planned it for the delight and rest of eyes tired of dim cathedral glories. Beyond the open door a tall gate swung backward and wide; and, overjoyed at the democratic spirit thrust upon his notice in one of England's proudest strongholds, the guileless Spectator strolled in.



It was one delight of English sward, rolled and clipped to satin softness.

And there were borders beyond the graveled walk, full of blossoming shrubs and sweet English daisies, mostly foreign to us; and beyond this the high wall of exclusiveness which shut out everything, even the appearance of a house with exits and entrances, such as our primitive civilization shows; and at the far end, where trees rose forest-wise, a comfortable, ample, alluring seat—even a seat with arms. So the Spectator sat him down in great content, and mused on the works of God and man, though man's were more in evidence as the cathedral rose in majesty before his reverent view, a huge casket of prayer and adoration, a fitting altar of incense to the Most High. "Yes," he said to himself in rapt wonder, "they builded as Fra Angelico painted, and visions of angels must have attended them."



Still thinking skyey thoughts, the Spectator rose, lingeringly, "with backward look" like Eve from Paradise, blessing the kind thought that had provided such a retreat where one might in silence and quiet gain a noble view of the temple reared with hands to the glory of our common Father. As he turned, a second graveled walk attracted his eye, at a right angle to the one he had walked in such peace of spirit; and, wondering much at such lavish kindness and forethought, he came suddenly in sight of a kitchen garden. Now, at times the eyes of the Spectator are holden by his inward thought, and he stood for an instant flushing sensibly and not a little perplexed by several crowding ideas, when a slight sound called back his wandering attention. Still in a wondering frame of mind, he paced back with downcast eyes toward the chair where he had sat with so much pleasure. But he had taken no more than a dozen steps when he found himself confronted by an angry woman and a large, pleasant dog.



Suddenly it occurred to the Spectator that this might be an ecclesiastical woman of the kind he had recently been reading about—a Mrs. Proudie even. Something in her attitude suggested it. He did not feel at the time responsible

for the thought. Her countenance did not disabuse him of the idea, nor her speech.

"You knew that this is *private*, I suppose?" she cried in slow wrath, with that decided nipping of the words and turning up of the sentence at the end that is peculiar to the wholly English. The Spectator, facing a supposition to him so unkind and uncalled for, so rudely breaking the peace, replied as well and courteously as he was able that he was unaware of any such fact, humbly, though he felt not too humbly, confessing his fault, which was a fault of ignorance.

"You must have seen it on the gate," persisted his accuser, again turning up the last word so that it stood much higher than the rest of the phrase.

The Spectator had not observed it, and stated the fact mildly, but this time unabashed. It came to him later, as many of his thoughts do which he needs at the time, that it would have been a privilege to ask for his questioner's mistress, to whom he would willingly explain his mistake and tender apologies. But as no such thought had as yet presented itself, he lifted his hat moderately, and deliberately paced his way back to the offending gate, which still stood wide, and upon which by diligent searching he dimly made out the word which should have stayed his rash steps.

The Bishop (?) met him on the way just before the gate was reached, with a courteous recognition of his presence, and possibly (so the Spectator surmised) an expression of mild wonder on his fine face that any man born of woman should be bold enough to venture, unasked, within the bars. Once inside the hospitable walls of the dim cathedral, cool yet great-hearted in its welcome, the Spectator laughed not loud but long. Was it indeed the Bishop whom he had met—upon whose privacy he had unwittingly intruded? And was he, this benign bishop, if bishop he was, even now facing the prelatess and the dog, but specially the prelatess, and trying to explain or apologize for that of which he knew nothing—that of which he was

more innocent than Bishop Proudie himself could ever have been when he shuffled and considered, and but for his office would have prevaricated as the wrath of Mrs. Proudie cut short his vainly hoped-for plans?

The Spectator has always a soft place in his heart for the real, historic Barchester Bishop, considering what he might have been without his special limitations. Far be it from any of us to cast the first stone! "Ecclesiastical women!" exclaimed a certain young person to whom the Spectator long after confided his sorry tale. "Why, they are—"

But we pass over the impolite part of speech that ended the sentence with a jerk; especially as this friend of the Spectator is a high-handed Socialist in theory.

The day was by no means spoiled. There were more things in and on the heaven and earth round about Barchester than could be fully enjoyed in a leisure month; and mostly without prohibitive gates. At evening the Spectator acknowledged his transgression to the returned friend, for even while it seemed disastrous for him to be left to his own devices for a day, there was too much enjoyment in the situation to be kept to his own defeated self, and possibly a lesson in wisdom to be extracted (with help) for future emergencies.

Sometimes privacy is desirable even in our own wide-open country; and we hold ourselves ready to forgive it to those who love it so much more than the most exclusive of us. All we ask of them is that they do not misjudge us. It was only in his haste, he assures us, that the Psalmist pronounced all men liars. And our kindred overseas should note that we are not all of us—prying tourists. There is no moral unless the Spectator suggest—and it is merely a suggestion—that it is well to look on both sides before entering a gate.

THE WORST BANKING SYSTEM IN THE WORLD¹

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

AMERICANS have many advantages upon which we may plume ourselves as being in advance of other nations, but we have at least one humiliation to lessen self-glorification. Our banking system is the worst in the civilized world.

The statesmen of 1860 did not have a clean slate to begin with. Government credit was then precarious and needed support, and the temptation to use banking for this purpose proved irresistible. Sound banking was sacrificed to sustain the National credit when it was resolved that the currency should be placed upon Government bonds, which, in the opinion of Mr. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, resulted in giving a marketable value to these twenty per cent higher than they would have otherwise reached.

The result is that our banking capital is diverted to the extent of \$1,250,000,000 invested in Government bonds by the banks, because currency issued must be based upon an equal amount of these bonds deposited in the Treasury. A reserve of twenty-five per cent against deposits must be kept in cash and a reserve of five per cent against circulation kept in Washington for note redemption. Mr. Fowler, the able Chairman of the Finance Committee in the House, states that the loss caused by this reaches \$150,000,000 annually. Banking capital in France, Germany, England, Scotland, Canada, etc., escapes this loss, because their currency is based upon the assets of the banks. None of their capital is locked up in bonds as security for notes. Banks keep the reserves which experience proves to be necessary.

This, then, is clear—that banks in other countries start with a great advantage

over ours, which are heavily handicapped.

There is another important advantage which these banks possess over ours. Currency based upon the assets of banks rests chiefly upon trade bills. In the nature of things, the bank is called upon to issue or redeem notes just as business requires; that is, as business increases or decreases, currency required is less or more. Business brisk, more notes are needed, and they remain in circulation; business dull, less notes needed, and some are promptly returned to the banks for redemption. All is elastic and automatic.

The law in European nations does not restrict the issue of currency equal to the resources of the banks, except that when the Bank of England was reorganized in 1844 the Government owed it eleven millions of pounds, and it was agreed that the Bank might issue uncovered notes to this amount, but any issued beyond this should be covered by gold. The practice in emergencies is for the Government to allow the Bank to disregard this and to issue additional currency uncovered, but the Bank must at all times redeem notes in gold upon presentation. In ordinary times the amount of notes issued by the banks does not exceed much, if any, one-half the amount issuable. Canada's average is fifty-four per cent, Scotland's is less.

We hear the reply, "All this would be a great improvement upon our system, except that our bank notes have the bonds of the Government behind them, the best of all securities. Our people would never agree to accept bank notes without this. Other nations have not this undoubted security."

Let us look into this. Take Canada as an example, which has a proper man-

¹ An address delivered before the Economic Club of New York, February 5, 1908.

ner of banking modeled after the Scotch system. Canadian banks issue notes based upon assets. These are secured in the following manner :

First. They are a first lien upon all the resources of the bank.

Second. Every stockholder is liable to an amount equal to the par value of his stock to meet the debts of the bank—upon this the notes have also a first lien.

Third. The Government taxed the banks five per cent of their average circulation until a fund was obtained, the proceeds of which are ample to pay any reasonable loss upon the notes, and this fund the Government now holds. If it should ever be found insufficient, the tax is promptly to be increased. This special fund, however, has never yet been called upon for a dollar. The interest upon it is now returned to the banks as superfluous security.

No bank note in Canada or in any of the other countries possessed of proper banking has ever failed to be paid upon demand.

Compare this with the security we have for our currency from Government bonds which have been sold in gold for a shade over one-third their face value (greenbacks fell to thirty-six cents), and they may sell so again should we be drawn into a serious war. They are at a fictitious price to-day equal to twenty per cent. It is not true, therefore, that these are the best security.

The Government secures the legal tender notes by keeping in Washington a reserve of nearly fifty per cent in gold (150 as against 346 millions), but the only redemption fund against our currency is five per cent in legal tender paper money, which the banks are required to maintain in Washington against their circulation.

There is only one substance in the world which cannot fall in value, because it is in itself the world's standard of value, and that is gold, which the banks of civilized nations have as their reserve.

There never was a time, and there never can be a time, as far as we can see, when a million dollars' worth of gold will not redeem a million dollars' worth of debt. Hence the currency of European nations is absolutely secure,

being based on gold, while the currency of our country is not. A serious war would affect it, because our bonds would fall in value. Other nations go through wars, their bank notes never affected, because the reserves held in their own vaults are in gold. Their business world goes on much as usual. Ours would be in constant danger of collapse.

Men have railed against gold as if it had received some adventitious advantage over other articles. Not so; gold has made itself the standard of value for the same reason that the North Star is made the North Star—it is the nearest star to the true north, around which the solar system revolves. It wanders less from, and remains nearer to the center than any other object. It changes its position less. To object to gold as the standard of value, therefore, is as if we were to refuse to call the star nearest of all stars to the true north, the North Star. Man found that gold possessed many advantages as a metal and was the one that fluctuated least in value; therefore its merits have made it the standard of value. That is all. If another metal appears that keeps truer to uniform value, it will displace gold and make itself the standard, as Lyra, under present conditions, will finally displace the present North Star.

Some men high in authority these days seem to be haunted and affrighted by the dread specter of war, and clamor for four battle-ships this year when last year the President announced to the world that no increase of our navy was required, but only one battle-ship per year to keep the present navy effective. Those thus afflicted should ponder upon the consequences that would befall our whole financial fabric if, under the strain of war, its basis crumbled even in a small degree compared with that which occurred during the Civil War. France, when overcome; the enemy besieging her capital, moved on in all peaceful business departments in perfect serenity. Gold commanded one per cent premium for a few days, owing to the disorder reigning in Paris, which rendered it difficult for people to attend to business needs. With this exception all went on as before from start to finish. As a

war measure, the President should not delay asking Congress before it adjourns to lay the foundation—the only possible foundation—for a safe and perfect banking system, by separating the banks from the Government and requiring them to keep reserves in gold coin as European banks do. A beginning might be made by enacting that after a certain date banks should keep increasing amounts of their reserves against deposits and circulating notes in coin; as this increased, the bonds now held for security being released. This is practically the Indianapolis plan, which has won wide acceptance. Gold coin can easily be obtained. There is twelve hundred millions of dollars of it in the country to-day, with power to increase this, since our exports exceed our imports. Details should be left to the future, whether the European plan of one central bank or the Canadian plan of establishing a point of redemption in each district be adopted, or an organization of all National banks be made to co-ordinate the system and have authority in emergency to authorize an extension of note issue as central European banks have under Government authority, all our banks to be responsible pro rata for such additional issues. All these and other secondary questions are not now in order. To-day's duty is simply to make a beginning toward basing our banking system upon gold, instead of Government bonds liable to fluctuation under exceptional conditions.

To reach proper banking we need no revolution. We should make haste slowly. All our progress should be tentative, avoiding anything like shock to our present system, so fraught with danger, and rapidly assuming proportions that threaten recurrent disasters.

We only need to turn our faces and keep them in the right direction by beginning to inject more gold directly into our present system little by little, until,

in the fullness of time, we can establish a banking system complete in itself, such as that which the leading nations and even Canada now so happily possess.

When we at last become fully prepared for the substitution of asset for bond secured currency, this can easily be accomplished without causing even a ripple of disturbance, thus relieving the Government from all part in our banking, as other Governments are relieved under their systems which work so admirably.

Our present plan is primarily an instrument designed to strengthen public credit, and scarcely deserves to rank as a banking system at all. Public credit no longer needs this support. Let us therefore, gradually, not hastily, but slowly, very slowly, frightening neither the most ignorant nor the most timid, transform it into the instrument which the country so imperatively needs, if it is to be secure, as other countries are, against financial cataclysms, either in peace or in war.

Men in public life who keep before them this important task will live long in the grateful memories of their future countrymen, for our present plan is one of the greatest of mistakes, pardonable only because made under the pressing conditions surrounding the Republic after the Civil War.

We read that in the Senate recently, Senator Lodge, one of its leading members, declared that "bank circulation based upon gold reserves and a complete extinction of all government credit are at this moment counsels of perfection." This is true indeed. Senator Lodge has all the leading authorities upon banking affairs known to the writer in agreement with him. The statesmen of to-day, when dealing with the subject, will have no excuse to offer if they fail to turn the country in the direction of this perfection. There is but one right path.

LETTERS FROM A WORKINGMAN

I—SOCIAL INEQUALITY; SPEEDING

BY AN AMERICAN MECHANIC

Dear Jim :

LET me tell you the best thing first: I've got a job! I'm now ready to confess that looking for work in this big town isn't what I thought it was, and what it's cracked up to be back in Petersburg. There may be plenty of work here, but I have found that there are also plenty of men to do it.

One night, after I had spent the entire day among the North River shops, meeting only with failure, I took a stroll along Houston Street, going towards the Bowery. You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you of some of the sights that I witnessed. As I was picking my way through the jammed street, I was attracted by a crowd on the corner. It proved to be an open-air Socialist meeting. How the speaker roasted the present social system! He spoke of the miserable circumstances under which many of his listeners were "existing." He called them "wage-slaves." About everybody else was a "parasite"—on the backs of the workers. They were being cheated out of their rights. They alone were the producers, he declared. "Labor creates all wealth—therefore all wealth belongs to labor," he kept repeating. It was fascinating to see the eagerness with which the crowd drank in his words. He appealed to their prejudice and their passion, until he had them worked up into such a frenzy that when an automobile passed—probably carrying a "slumming party"—the visitors were showered with vegetables, because they were supposed to represent the hated capitalistic class. I am told, by the way, that the Socialists in New York conduct more open-air meetings than are being held by all of the churches combined, including the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America. They certainly have lots of nerve. Seems to me that their doctrines have become their religion. A good many of the fellows in the shop are Socialists. Most of them,

however, are foreigners, principally Germans and Frenchmen.

Funny thing about the men there. They are quite ready to criticise the rich because of their "uppishness;" but I've noticed that at lunch-time the laborers get off into a corner by themselves, because the journeymen refuse to eat their sandwiches and drink their beer with them. The draughtsmen consider themselves superior to the pattern-makers, the pattern-makers believe that they are a step higher in the social scale than the machinists, the machinists imagine that they can look down upon the molders, and so it goes. There are about seven different grades of society among the two thousand men in the shop—reminds me of the women's clubs back in Petersburg. You will remember that none of the wives of the firemen may become members of the club composed exclusively of the wives of the engineers; and as for the wives of the brakemen—they aren't in it. And their husbands all belong to the "Brotherhood." Talk about the aristocracy! We've got a good dose of it here, and most of us are wearing the overalls. It isn't exactly the "class consciousness" the Socialists are all the time talking about; it is really worse, although I don't take much stock in the Socialists' plea for a class spirit. It's fun to watch the clerks in the office as they pass through the shop. It makes me laugh as I think of it. They hold their heads so high that I wonder they don't hit the cross-beams. They look neither to the right nor to the left. Where they get their conceit is more than I can understand. There is just the shadow of an excuse for the class spirit which exists in the mechanical department, because the lines are drawn by higher skill and bigger wages; but these clerks, as a rule, earn about half as much as I do as a journeyman machinist, and my work requires about twice as much brains as does theirs; but because

they wear white linen shirts and collars and don't soil their hands and faces they imagine they belong to a superior order of beings. For general intelligence and useful information I'd back any gang in the shop against an equal number from the general office force. Our boys may not use as good grammar, but they've got the goods in the rough.

I never heard of so many "rules and regulations" as they have in this plant. I had been accustomed to doing pretty much as I pleased. Old man Jenkins used to tell us that he thought if we were worth having about, we would do the square thing by him, and, furthermore, he didn't propose to run a kindergarten for full-grown men—he was conducting a machine shop with well-matured "greasers." Some of the rules are all right, of course. I realize that in a shop as big as this there are always some fellows who simply cannot see the importance of having a well-understood system. I saw an instance of this the other morning. We begin work at seven. On the last tap of a big bell, which can be heard for half a mile, the main gate is closed by the watchman, and all late-comers must pass through the office, depositing a late check. On this particular morning, as the bell was still ringing, I saw a young fellow tearing down the street, trying to reach the gate before it should be closed. He just missed it by three feet. It *was* rather mean for the watchman to slam the door in his face, and the youngster felt it. As he walked up the street to the office, his face was black with fury. After he had pulled on his overalls he took his chipping hammer and deliberately smashed six incandescent lamps, ripping out an oath at each crack of the hammer, and repeating with variations and always with emphasis: "There, I guess they won't make much out of *that* late check."

I don't object to the enforcement of the rule for late comers, but most of the rules read as though they were intended for children. There has evidently been a waste of good cardboard, printers' ink, and picture-frame molding, for I don't believe that one man in twenty has ever read the instructions. If the bosses had been wise about the use of this material,

they might have printed some tables showing the strength of hoisting-chains and other material, the best shapes for machine cutting tools, the rules for computing the areas and the circumferences of circles, the weights of various kinds and shapes of iron, the rules of wheel gearing, and other rules having to do with the general subject of mechanics. It seems to me that these might have helped the men, and they need not have lost their self-respect, as might be the case with the rules which are now contained in their eighteen-by-thirty-inch guide-boards.

We've got a good "Super." He's new on the job, but I believe that he is going to make things go. He is a young fellow—not over thirty-five, but, while he is a "Tech" graduate, he had plenty of practical shop experience before he began to handle men. He has passed down the line with the boys, and hasn't any fancy ideas about things. He knows a good job when he sees it, and, somehow, he usually speaks of it. It makes a fellow feel like trying it again after a word of appreciation from him.

His assistant is a "peach." He graduated from the office. Never handled a tool in his life. They say that he was promoted because he persuaded the old man that he could introduce into the shop a more scientific system. Perhaps the fact that he is the nephew of an old friend of the boss had something to do with his advancement. He is responsible for the rules about which I have been writing. Naturally, when he came into the shop, everybody closed up like a clam. He couldn't get any information. This gave him a good deal of a setback, but he had a few ideas of his own which he introduced. He acts as though he had read a set of rules on "How to Succeed," or some other dope, and he is now trying the thing out on us fellows. He has the most elaborate system ever invented, but he doesn't seem to realize that there is an element sometimes called "human nature" which enters largely into every industrial problem. At any rate, it doesn't bother him very much.

The other day the old man passed through my department and stopped to

watch a fellow named Richter very elaborately laying out about forty pieces of sheet iron, six inches square, getting them ready for the drill press. The location of the holes that he was to drill was a matter of small consequence, and the center punch holes indicating where the holes were to be drilled should have been pounded into the iron with simply a mechanic's practiced eye as a guide. But he had spent at least an hour scratching lines along the four sides of the pieces of metal, so as to have all of the holes as perfectly in line as though they had been drilled in a "jig." The old man was rapidly getting warm. He is an old-time machinist.

"Can't you find some other way to waste your time?" he finally asked.

"Yes," replied Richter, who has a bit of a temper, "but I'm wasting it in this way because I was told to do so."

"Who ordered you?"

"The Assistant Superintendent," Richter answered. The fellows never mention his name unless they are compelled to.

The old man walked away without another word, but soon the Asst. Super came out of the office and down the aisle with flushed face, and told Richter to get his center punch and do the job as he, as a good mechanic, had started out to do it. A few more similar experiences and young Smarty will go back to the office where he belongs.

Every department in the shop has been intensely interested in a big three-ton cylinder which goes to Australia next week. We have a man waiting in Melbourne until it arrives, and, as the machine sent by our firm will not be accepted unless it is installed, complete, within the time specified in the contract, everybody has been rushing it through as it came to their departments. The original cylinder proved to be defective, so the new one was ordered by cablegram.

Last Saturday it came to my machine. I am now running the big planer. It was my job to cut two one-inch keyways, each eight inches long, on the four-inch shaft, and two slots, each an inch wide, the full length of the cylinder. It was a piece-work job, as most everything

is in the shop. The price was six dollars, and, ordinarily, it required twelve hours to finish the job. I was working under extra pressure, as was quite natural, but I thought of a "kink" or two that I had used in the old shop, and used it, with the result that the cylinder was finished in exactly five hours. That was rushing things pretty hard, and it was taking big risks, too, for if the belt had broken, or if any of half a dozen other possible things had happened, they might have taken me to the hospital or to the cemetery. But I simply dug into the iron. It was great to see it curl as it came off in strips. The tool cut just dandy. Somehow, when a machine tool acts that way it makes a fellow feel like patting it, as you would your horse. Curiously enough, the number of the machine is "13." Not many of the fellows like to run it, but thirteen has always been my lucky number. My own check number, by the way, is also thirteen.

Well, when the Super came in on Monday morning and heard about the record-breaking time that I had made on the big cylinder, he was tickled to death.

"That's great work, Sam," he said. "No other man in the shop has ever done that job in less than ten hours, I am told."

Naturally, I felt jubilant. Somehow, I like to break records. I feel that way every time I tackle a job. I guess that I walked through the shop with a good deal of pride showing in my face on Monday, but, to my surprise, it wasn't returned by my shopmates. There seemed to be only resentment and bitterness. What could be the matter with them? I asked myself. Finally, as I was busy with another job, one of the lathe hands came over to my machine and remarked:

"They say that you made six dollars in five hours last Saturday night."

"Yes," I answered, but with less interest than I would have exhibited earlier in the day.

"Well, young fellow, do you know what you are doing? You are just cutting down your own earnings, as well as those of the rest of us."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Just this. The office will hear about it, and they will argue that if that job can be done in five hours upon one occasion, there is no good reason why it cannot always be done in that time. The result will be that the piece-work price will be cut to about one-half. Our piece-work price has twice been cut thirty per cent in five years. This cylinder job and a very few others have continued to pay us fairly well, and we were able to make up on these what we lost on other jobs. We have found out that when a man, by spurting, makes a little extra money, or when a quick worker gets on the job, our prices are cut down. We have therefore come to the conclusion that the best thing to do is to limit the amount of work we shall send in each week, so as to keep it within a reasonable figure, even though we are compelled to carry some 'dead horse' over to the following week's account. You'll

learn your lesson, too, as the rest of us did."

Now I understood why I was frowned upon. I was regarded as a traitor. I had gone beyond the limit of the amount to be earned within a specified time. I rebelled against the thought of any interference with the amount of work that I should turn out. Wasn't I a free man? Who had a right to dictate to me, anyway? I would earn as much as I pleased. I wasn't going to be handicapped by a lot of lazy or incompetent machinists. That's about the way I figured it out. But this morning my gang boss got a new schedule of prices from the office—the work of the Asst. Super—and, sure enough, *the price of the cylinder had been cut thirty per cent.* How humiliated I felt! I could have gone out to the scrap heap in the back yard and thrown myself into it. What *was* the use? The lathesman was right.

Yours,

SAM.

THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE

II—FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE EMPLOYEE

By ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

THE attitude of the employee toward the problem of domestic service is, for many reasons, less easy to discover than that of the employer. One must ascertain it chiefly by means of what Walt Whitman calls "faint indirections." The employee is apt to be at once more shy in the face of interrogation, and more inarticulate, than the employer. Furthermore, it is harder for an investigator of this subject to place herself (or himself) in the exact position of the former than of the latter. An investigator, it usually happens, has been accustomed to employ, rather than to be employed as, a domestic servant.

Most of us are acquainted with the attempts made by various students of the difficult problem to put themselves into closer touch with certain of its factors by assuming for a few days or weeks

the rôle of a domestic servant. Several of these have written and published accounts of their experiences—accounts which, though engrossingly interesting and not without great significance, are still unsatisfying. After all, their writers have only played at being servants; and the distresses and misadventures that have befallen them are but the incidents of a mummery, flavored with a piquancy which we are but too sure is scarcely to be found in the reality. Not only the fact that these ardent students of the problem are observers of it and not elements in it, but also their other differences from the persons to whom domestic service is not a make-believe, renders it impossible for us to regard their testimonies as the record of genuine employees. One such employee was recently expressing to me her feeling with respect

to these players at her work. "They don't find out nothin' 'bout livin' out by hiring out," she pronounced, loftily.

"How do you know they do not?" I asked, not without eagerness. I was aware that she read books and magazines; I expected that she would reply by mentioning some printed narrative and deriding it. To my surprise, she said: "I have seen one of 'em doin' it."

"Please tell me about it," I entreated.

"There ain't much to tell," was the answer. "The last place I was cook at, she came, to be second girl. I knew, the minute I see her, she'd never hired out before; an' I sensed, the next minute, she'd never hire out again!"

"But how could you?" I interposed, doubtfully.

"Well, for one thing, she was too excited about it. Her eyes were shinin', she was so flustered. An' she looked round, like she'd not been in a kitchen till then, 'cept to look at it!"

"What happened next?" I urged.

"Oh, nothin' much. She stayed a week. I took a likin' to her. She worked hard, and got awful tired. We had a room together—with two beds in it, though. She hated sleepin' in a room with any one else; I could see that; but she was nice 'bout it. She hated lots o' things hired girls don't bother 'bout, and she didn't mind lots of things they hate! So livin' out didn't show her what livin' out is."

"What is it?" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"It's some folks' business," was the unexpected reply.

"But how few of them," I put in, "attend to it properly!"

"That's 'cause they don't get the chance," was her retort; "the people what hires 'em can't bear to let 'em alone. They seems to think *their* business is *their'n*! See what I mean?"

"Not quite," I admitted.

This particular servant, perhaps it may be well to explain, is employed as cook by a friend of mine, who is so very new and inexperienced a housekeeper that she just does escape a resemblance to those heroines of comic stories who do not know "how many pounds of beef make a roast." I was a little apprehensive as

to what her cook might say next; but, having my friend's full permission to hear anything and everything, I begged for further elucidation. "Just what is your meaning?" I asked. "How are persons who hire out *not* let alone?"

"Well," began my friend's cook, "the lady I work for now—you know her—"

"Certainly," I said, "and I love her—"

"So do I," returned the cook, "an' I get on real well with her, too, now she sees doin' the cookin' here is *my* job and not *her'n*!"

I knew my friend, so I felt safe in protesting, "Surely, there can have been no moment in which she did not see that!"

"Yes, there was," the cook affirmed. "The very first week I was here, she invited the young ladies what had been her bridesmaids, to lunch. Half an hour 'fore the meal, says she to me, 'Make Parker House rolls 'stead o' toast, to go with the chicken.'"

A comment was obviously expected; and I observed, "She knew what she wanted."

"*Wanted!*" ejaculated my friend's cook. "She'd ought to have know'd what she could *have*! Parker House rolls, in half an hour! An' no dough riz!"

It was impossible not to laugh. The recital was so dramatic. To my pleased surprise, the cook joined me. "*She* thought it was funny, too, when I told her how much more than *two* half-hours it 'ud take me to make them rolls," was her next remark. "But she see'd how getting the meals was *my* business. An', from then to now, she ain't never bothered me no more."

"But," I was startled into saying, "she doesn't leave the entire matter of menus to you?"

"Yes, she does," declared my friend's cook. "She never *tells* me to have the things she wants for the meals; she *asks* me if I *can*."

"And you are happy and contented?" I ventured.

"'Course I am," was the instant response. "I don't know but I'll stay with her always if she wants me to—an' I guess she does."

My friend is apt to smile when one

mentions her cook. Then, more seriously—especially if the person referring to that domestic has said that she is too “independent”—she will say, “I am the first employer that woman ever had with whom she wished to remain.”

However, my friend does not moralize on the circumstance. She accepts it, as she accepts so many of the other good things of life about which most of us try to philosophize, with a simple and quite unanalytic gratitude. One acquaintance tells her that her tactfulness, another assures her that her sense of humor, is responsible for the fact that her cook esteems her above all former employers. She merely says: “I pay her just what the others paid her; and she has the same work to do for me that she had to do for them. I am satisfied, and she is satisfied. What difference does it make *how* or *why*?”

To the investigator it must, of course, make a very great difference—this particular *how* and *why*. Of the three hundred and fifteen young women employed in factories from whom, by means of personal interviews, letters, and, in a few cases, strictly reliable hearsay, I was able to obtain expressions of personal opinion as to their reasons for preferring factory work to domestic service, one hundred and ninety-eight said, in effect, that in the factories they had the advantage of laboring without interference. By this each one of the number meant, not without direction, but without unskilled direction.

“The foreman or the forewoman tells us what to do,” one of the one hundred and ninety-eight explained to me; “but *they know*.”

Another, an older girl, had been a domestic servant. “I gave it up,” she said, “because I got tired being bossed by people who didn’t know how to do the job themselves.”

“But did *you*?” I queried.

“No,” replied the girl; “that made it all the worse. *Somebody’s* got to know *how* a thing is done, if *anybody’s* going to do it.”

Still another girl had tried domestic service before entering a factory. She had been trained for household work; and she admitted that among her em-

ployers more than one had had some knowledge of domestic science and art. “They knew about housekeeping—in a way,” she qualified. “But, you see, they all knew it different, and I knew it different, too. In the factory everybody knows the job the *same*.”

“If you might do it the way you *know* it, would you like doing household work better than what you are doing in the factory?” I questioned.

“Yes,” the girl promptly answered; “but I never saw a lady as would let me.”

One of my acquaintances who has been a housekeeper for more years than some of us have yet lived, somewhat stiffly observed, when I repeated this reply to her, “It is quite too much to expect.” But is it?

My acquaintance, in answer to this question, said, “Certainly; servants are paid to do as they are told in our houses.” But are they? And if they are, should they be?

We do not pay any other persons to do as they are told in our houses; but to do some work that they can do and we want done. Less and less are we prone even to advise them as regards their methods and means. We do not select the carpenter’s nails when he comes to put up a shelf for us. No specific orders are given to the person engaged to polish the hardwood floors. Our counsel is not expected by the man who cleans the furnace pipes and puts on the storm windows. To be sure, these workmen are not continuously employed, and do not become inmates of our houses. But may we not, to a greater extent than we do, treat those workwomen who must become inmates of our houses as we treat these casual employees? Is it not because we do not, that one hundred and ninety-eight out of three hundred and fifteen young women went into factories instead of into homes to earn a living—less easily, but, as one of them said, more simply?

Eighty-seven of the three hundred and fifteen young women with whom I succeeded in communicating personally, had either never entered into, or had entered into and then resigned from, domestic service, because it had in it, to

their minds, no opportunities for advancement.

"You get to be a good cook, or a good housemaid," said one girl; "and that's all you *can* get to be. In the factory there's a chance of getting to be a forewoman sometime—if not there, somewhere else."

I suggested to another girl that a young woman might find herself the better fitted to make her own home comfortable as a result of experience gained in domestic service; but she did not agree. "Livin' out don't help you to make your *own* home. You wouldn't have the same things to do it *with*, or the same kind of place to do it *in*."

"I can't see," asserted still another girl, "that livin' out helps you to do *anythin'* else!"

"But may it not be worth doing just for itself?" I hazarded.

"No," was the girl's uncompromising answer; "it ain't."

Not one of the eighty-seven believed that it was or could be made to be. All work was to them but preparation for better work. They again and again bade me remember that domestic service led the way to no, to them, higher service. Teachers of cooking, they reminded me, were never persons who had ever been employed as cooks. The matrons of training-schools for nurses had not been nursemaids. Whereas, they recalled to my mind, forewomen had, in practically all cases, once been factory girls. There was no shadow of doubt in their minds that to be a forewoman was better than to be a nursemaid; that to teach cooking was more desirable than to be a cook. One may well ask how this has come to be.

We hear, in America, much discussion based on the hypothesis that, whatever may obtain in foreign lands, servants in this country are not content to *be* servants; that, unlike English and Continental employees, they are dissatisfied with their "station in life." The overwhelming majorities of such employees in the United States are immigrants from Ireland, Sweden, Germany, France, and, in smaller numbers, from England. Dissatisfaction with their station in life, at home, was the prime motive they had

for going to America. Their actuating desire, their compelling expectation, was for nothing else but just exactly a losing of that old, and the finding of a new, station in life. They have come to this country, not to be, but because at home they were unwilling to be, domestic servants. Only for the reason that they find no other occupation immediately and remuneratively open to them do they consent to come into any one of our households at all. And, as Rosenkrantz or Guildenstern would say, 'tis too narrow for their minds, and their ambition makes of it a prison.

We cannot blame these strangers within our gates. Who but ourselves have made them ambitious? In Europe the equality of opportunity in America to gain name and place and wealth is our favorite, and not infrequently our sole, topic of earnest conversation. As an Englishman recently remarked to me, "The least spread eagle-y of Americans, when they are abroad, give foreigners an impression that any man in the United States who hasn't the Presidential chair and an automobile, hasn't them merely because he hasn't got them yet." Is there one traveler among us who has not discoursed eloquently upon democracy and republicanism—in England and on the Continent? Should we be surprised to learn that some part of this perfervid garrulity has percolated to what abroad they call the "lower classes;" and that from it have sprung up hopes which, if not false, are still very far from being absolutely true?

At home we are not so talkatively nor so heatedly patriotic. There is too much to remind us that we are less democratic than our institutions; that we fall rather short of being as republican as our form of government. The discoveries of these same things are the first and the most poignant disappointments of all immigrants; and especially of those immigrants who, perforce, become domestic servants.

When domestic service does duty as a stepping-stone, it does this, as it were, by accident. There comes to me a recollection of a woman, now the head of a successful little lunch-room, who for six years previous to her present occu-

pation did "general housework" for a friend of mine, who employs also what is known as a "second girl." The family of that friend is composed of four persons; but usually, at every meal excepting breakfast—and not infrequently at that also—there are two or more invited, and any number, even up to seven, uninvited, guests.

During my friend's childhood and girlhood she lived almost entirely in hotels, and thus acquired her habit of elastic hospitality. To be sure, she had attended, and was a graduate of, a school of housekeeping. She was not an unskilled employer; but, as she often observed, it exceeded her ability to prepare in advance for unexpected guests. To do this had also exceeded the abilities of twenty rapidly successive employees. Then came the woman who now operates a small but successful lunch-room. Never was she nonplused. She was always ready both to have and not to have unbidden guests. Moreover, she seemed really to enjoy the anxious ten minutes preceding the announcement of luncheon or dinner, when a ring at the door-bell might easily mean a rearrangement of matters in the kitchen and dining-room.

"You like it here, don't you?" I said one day, when three extra and unheralded persons had dropped in to dinner; and her face had shone, because, being baking day, there had, without stinting, been quite enough cake and pie to "go around;" and, being the creamery man's day, there had also been plenty of an especially delicious cream cheese.

"Yes, I *do*," she heartily answered; "it's awful hard, but it's awful interestin', too. I never know in the mornin' what I'm goin' to have to manage 'fore night."

"And you take pleasure in managing things?" I pursued.

"Anybody does," she replied, "when they get a chance, and the folks they's doin' it for is nice—same as ev'rybody what lives in this house, and comes to it, is!"

Unquestionably she was contented with her "station in life" while she was in my friend's house. As certainly, she finds joy in the conditions under which she is working to-day. "This is jes' like

that," she informed me not long ago; "only this is bigger."

What she will do next, no one can prophesy. I shall not be at all surprised if, some day in the future, I hear that she is the efficient manageress of a large collegiate dining-hall. She has sufficient ardor for the position now; sufficient practicability she is sure to gain in time.

The other day, when I was relating something of all this, one of my listeners demanded, half seriously, half laughingly: "And what is the moral of the anecdote? That we are to make our homes experiment centers for possible heads of college dining-rooms? You know we couldn't; you know we shouldn't."

One is aware of both these things! What, then, is the moral to be found in this instance? Is it not that, since we so seldom are able to make domestic service anything but an end in itself, we must try to induce our domestic servants to see that it is a distinctly good end; as Robert Louis Stevenson says, "to find the goal in every step of the way"?

Without exception, the servants with whom I have talked who were content to *be* servants had this and no other ground for their sense of well-being. They believed, because they had been persuaded to believe, by employers who themselves believed, that what they were doing was second to nothing in being worth the doing.

One such servant was talking to me only yesterday. "I used to be low down in my feelin's 'cause hirin' out for general housework was all I could do; but since I have been with the lady I'm with now, I feels dif'rent. Doin' her part to have a home for her husband and children is all *she* can do, she says. She don't *look* for nothin' more. Doin' *my* part in it, she says, ought to be 'nough for *me*, considerin' how they all *needs* it done."

"And it is enough?" I said, tentatively.

"Yes, it is—*she* feelin' that way," was the significant reply.

"It would make a difference," I mused.

"Sure it does," came the answer, "'cause, *feelin'* that way, she's always real friendly like, same as if we was workin' 'longside o' each other in a shop, 'stead

o' her bein' a lady and me her hired girl."

Considerate that employer certainly is to her employee; but no more and no less than she is to every other person with work to do who has the privilege of her acquaintance. She does not, as some of us incline to do, allow the circumstance that the work, as in the case of her servant, is for herself, to lead her to any diminution, or surplus, in this delicate matter of consideration.

One hundred and ninety-eight of the three hundred and fifteen young women employed in factories with whom I was able to communicate objected chiefly to the unskilled interference to which domestic servants were subjected. Eighty-seven found fault with household service as an occupation, mainly on the score of its lack of opportunities for advancement. Of the remaining thirty, nineteen said they would not be servants because servants had so little "time to themselves," six because "girls who hired out were looked down on by their girl friends who didn't hire out," four because "there was no fun in it, even after the work was done up for the day," and one because her mother "had been a hired girl and didn't want a daughter of hers to be it."

I went to see that mother. What, I wondered, could her experience in domestic service have been that, rather than have her daughter enter upon it, she allowed her to go into a by no means model factory and earn, by twice as much work, half the wages of a household servant?

The girl had told me that she and her mother had "a nice home;" nevertheless, I was unprepared to find it quite so nice as it proved to be. It was only a flat in rather a shabby tenement-house; but it was as cheerful, as pretty, as neat, indeed as generally attractive, as any home I have ever seen anywhere. And the girl's mother was, to use the words of one of her neighbors, "a woman you don't see the likes of ev'ry day."

"I know why you've come," she greeted me; "my daughter's told me you'd asked her why she didn't hire out."

She gave me a chair; then, seating herself near it, she smiled in a friendly

way and patted my hand. "What do you want to say, dear?" she asked, in the comfortably coaxing voice of the hostess who would first of all put her guest at ease. I said what I wanted to say, at some length. Some part of it was relative to the great advantages to young women of any domestic service over any work in any factory, with respect to wages, hours, and environment.

"Your daughter tells me that you think differently," I said in conclusion. "Please tell me why."

"There's not much to tell," she began. "I was a hired girl before I got married, and I don't want that kind of life for my daughter. I wants her to be a lady—"

"But," I interrupted, "isn't that more difficult in the factory?"

"No, it ain't," she rejoined, "'cause at night she comes home to her mother and father, to a place she belongs in. If she hired out she couldn't come home at night—"

"But," I again broke in, "the house in which she was employed would be a good home."

"Yes," said my hostess, "but it wouldn't be *hers*."

After a moment's reflection, she continued: "I wants her looked out for. I wants her to be a lady. Ladies is girls what have been looked out for more than them hirin' of 'em will."

I often have been told since that I should then and there have tried to improve that woman's ideas touching ladies; but I thought at the time, and I still think, those ideas quite good enough. Her ideas about domestic service, however, I am still trying to change, I trust, for the better.

How are we to overcome the reluctance felt by young women—a reluctance that would seem to be increasingly great—to become domestic servants? It is a problem which may be discussed publicly and generally, but which must be solved privately and particularly. For no two households are the elements of the problem precisely the same. But may we not all agree in our choice of a fundamental principle?

This morning a very happy and suc-

cessful servant said to me: "When the one that hires means all right, and tries to do all right, and shows it, the one that's hired is liable to get that way, too, if not so already, and things turns out well all round."

We who hire mean all right, and try to do all right. Let us make a greater effort to show it. Then, perhaps, in our kitchens things will turn out better. How shall we show it? Each one of us must determine that for herself.

A SCHOOL FOR ITALIAN LABORERS

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

Under the title "Assimilating the Adult Immigrant" The Outlook about a month ago gave some account of educational work in labor camps, and then promised for early publication the following fuller account of the work instituted by Miss Sarah Wool Moore and her associates. Mr. Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration for the Port of New York, lately said that two or three years ago he had the pleasure of inspecting a fine industrial school in Hungary, and was asked by the principal to give a single practical suggestion for improvement. In reply he said: "Teach them English, so that when they come to America they may know how to ask for a job!" The immense importance of some knowledge of English to foreign workers in this country and their eagerness to learn English give a splendid opportunity to teach them other things also—morality and good citizenship, for instance. The kind of school described below should be multiplied and many like it established for other races as well as for Italians, and in all States where the conditions bring about the existence of labor camps.—THE EDITORS.

"THIS beautiful school building is not afar ago that has built. It is large enough and of beauty countenance. There are two doors, six windows, and a belfry with bell on." Such is the appreciative testimony of Luigi Jacobelli, one of the most promising pupils of the labor-camp school at Aspinwall, Pennsylvania. "This school was inaugurated expecially for we Italian laborers where we study English language. Hoping to get good advantage in it. The program of my class is: translation from the Gospel, English-Italian language book's translation, spelling-lessons from the spelling book, reading from the Young Citizen book, English Grammar and Arithmetic."¹

Luigi is an enthusiast, eager in the pursuit of learning, who declares that school is never out of his thoughts. If his companions were sufficiently Americanized, they would probably call him a "grind." But his composition gives a fair statement of the sort of work which is now being done to help solve the great National problem of our right rela-

tion to the immigrant. For the labor-camp school has passed beyond the experimental stage; it is beginning to be recognized as a factor in the solution of this problem.

The pretty little borough of Aspinwall lies in the valley of the Allegheny River, six miles above Pittsburgh, and is the site chosen by that municipality for its great filtration plant now approaching completion. Spite of the overhanging smoke-clouds, it would be hard to find a more picturesque spot than these "Scotch bottoms," as the huge tract of land occupied by the plant was formerly called. The Allegheny, a thick yellowish-brown stream, rolls heavily down to join the Monongahela at the Point; on either side rise wooded hills unpervertibly graceful in outline, though subdued in color, for the tree-trunks are blackened and the leaves faded to a dingy, lifeless green by the all-encompassing smoke. Fortunately for those who live in this district, the eye soon accustoms itself to the lack of brilliance; there is a certain harmony in the prevailing dullness of tint—it simply seems that nature is painting in a lower key than usual.

At the edge of the filtration plant is

¹ Quoted from "Near Recollections," by Sarah W. Moore, in "Charities and the Commons," February 16, 1907.

the labor-camp, where, at this writing, between six and seven hundred Italians are installed. The camp, beautifully situated in a grove of elms, consists of rows of wooden shacks covered with tarpaper to keep out the cold. At the noon hour, when the men are taking dinner, it is not without pictorial features suggestive of Italy. Groups of women and children may be seen through the open doors of the shanties, where eating and cooking are going forward at the same time; men are hurrying homeward with big, round, flat loaves of bread under their arms, fresh from the oven of Giuseppe Pagano, the camp baker; mysterious garments, all of soft pinks and yellows, are swinging from the clothes-lines; everywhere there is a chatter of musical Italian, and for a moment it isn't hard to imagine one's self transported across the sea, until the scream of a whistle, the puffing of engines, the noise of dredges and steam-hoists, recall one very unequivocally to a consciousness of western Pennsylvania.

Under the trees stands the school-house of "beauty countenance," a simple whitewashed building, topped with bell and belfry, with the words "Scuola Gratuita" painted in big black letters over the door. And here, five nights in the week, those of the laboring force who wish can come for free instruction in English and the principles of American citizenship. The touching eagerness that many of them have shown to avail themselves of this opportunity proves how much it is desired as well as needed.

The school was started as an experiment, in 1905, by the Society for Italian Immigrants, to which all credit is due for the conception and carrying out of the enterprise. Mr. V. de Luca, the Italian labor contractor who is in charge of the camp, gave his hearty co-operation, and Miss Sarah Wool Moore, whose efficiency needs no comment, was sent out by the Society to organize and conduct the school. Begun in one of the camp shacks, it proved so successful that the Filtration Company soon built the present school-house, the Philadelphia Company supplied natural gas, various gifts were made by interested outsiders, and the students raised money

among themselves to buy pictures and a piano.

As a direct result of this experiment at Aspinwall the State of Pennsylvania has taken a step which places it in the lead of all our States in meeting a deep educational and sociological need. At the session of 1907 the Legislature passed a bill authorizing the establishment of schools for "adults, including foreigners, and providing for instruction and employment of teachers for same," whenever an application or petition should be made over the names of at least twenty persons of the school district, either taxable residents of said district or aliens desiring tuition and intending to avail themselves of it. The bill also provides that instruction in said schools shall be in the English language, except when necessary to translate the same into the original language of the scholars, and that no sectarian instruction shall be allowed.

Of course this Act is merely optional, not mandatory unless an appropriation be made by the State for the purpose of putting it into effect. Such an appropriation, to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, was passed by the Senate, but when up for final passage by the House on the last day of the session it failed on account of a printer's error, discovered too late to be remedied. However, it is hoped that this matter may be settled at another session.

This is basic legislation. It recognizes our responsibility, not only toward children of foreign parentage who are born within our gates, but also toward the parents themselves, who come to us grown men and women, yet simple-hearted as children, ignorant, hopeful, and confiding, in need of our protection. Accepting as we must the fact of continuous immigration and a vast alien population, the practical question that confronts us is, How shall we best assimilate this mixture of peoples, how shall we draw from this undigested mass some real nourishment for our own body politic?

Proper education of the alien in our language, laws, and institutions would certainly seem to be as necessary to the good of the state of which he eventually

may become a part as it is to his personal welfare. That a certain degree of education adds immeasurably to his comfort and happiness cannot be doubted, for it has always been one of his trials that his children are readily Americanized, being trained in our public schools, while he remains helplessly alien, separated from his own flesh and blood by difference of speech and still subtler differences of customs and standards. So these camp schools accomplish two ends, political and social; they prepare him for citizenship and they put him on a level with his American-born children, enabling him to speak to them in the tongue which they use naturally and to look at life from their point of view.

Immigration from Italy is comparatively recent. Before 1880 the influx was inconsiderable; since then it has steadily increased. The Italian is by nature home-loving and home-keeping, but the lure of higher wages, the possibility of better conditions, are now drawing the peasant away from his village, where he often has a hard struggle for subsistence, to our big American cities. Of course, in these days of steamships, railways, and newspapers United Italy is fully awakened to modern progress, and even the peasant is made aware of the larger opportunities in the New World and becomes eager to go forth and try his luck. He starts in a purely commercial spirit, intending to make and save what he can, with no thought of staying; he goes home perhaps twice or three times, finds life in his native village tame, so eventually he gathers up his woman-kind—wife, mother, sister, as the case may be—and comes back to America to settle permanently.

The German, Scandinavian, and Irishman have obtained a firm foothold among us, and are already an integral part of our National life; but the Italian, being a newcomer, is still regarded as an unknown and possibly undesirable quantity. But here he is, and he means to stay. Therefore the Society for Italian Immigrants has been organized for his protection, and receives an annual appropriation from the Italian Government.

It is estimated that there are about sixty thousand Italians domiciled in

Pittsburgh and its vicinity. Four Italian papers are published in the city. And those who settle there and become citizens prove themselves to be, on the whole, a law-abiding and thrifty people. They always contrive to have some money on hand, and are particularly careful about the payment of debts.

In common with other foreigners, the Italian sometimes arrives in this country with a knife, which he employs primarily for simple utilitarian purposes, not for aggression. It is a convenient and comprehensive implement, sometimes having a fork at one end instead of a second blade, and he uses it every day, here and at home, for cutting and eating his food; it is a necessary part of his equipment. But, of course, when he is excited by drink or anger, it may become a dangerous weapon. The Italian is seldom in possession of a revolver when he first arrives in western Pennsylvania; he often buys one afterwards to defend himself against possible assaults of the negro footpad, who, he is told, will not hesitate to "hold him up" whenever occasion offers. For, he will hear some people say, the foreigner, Italian or Slav, is not really a "white man" in the eyes of the negro, and is therefore outside the pale of law.

The spirit of private vengeance, which lies back of Italian secret societies and is so often regarded as a menace to us, is likely to die out entirely in the next generation, when the Italian will have been influenced by our civilization and will have begun to realize that the offender is punishable by the State. Naturally, in his remote corner of southern Italy or Sicily, he has absorbed the primitive social idea that revenge and punishment are a moral duty falling upon the next of blood—an idea which constitutes the motive of some of the world's great tragedies, but which loses its force as law is substituted for individual responsibility.

As a workman the Italian is probably less valuable than the Slav, being lighter and smaller in build; moreover, the Italian sub-foreman shows a disposition to save his men, whereas the Slavic sub-foreman, temperamentally a despot, is inclined to drive those who are under him. The Italian has a secret signal by

which he notifies the laborers of the approach of the field-boss, and they then fall to work with a sudden access of zeal which is sensibly diminished when the authority disappears. For this reason Italians are frequently put to driving machines, as the machine sets its own speed.

But they are regular and reliable, if not especially energetic. They do not loaf or "lay off." There is but little drunkenness at the Aspinwall camp, and fights are few, except when outsiders meddle. Since the establishment of the school the character of the whole camp has been modified and elevated, and acts of vandalism are unknown. A feeling of friendliness and comradeship between the native resident and the foreign laborer has taken the place of the old mutual distrust and suspicion. The students—most of them from Calabria, the Abruzzi, and the Basilicata—who come night after night to the little school-house under the trees, certainly present an appearance of industry, intelligence, and order, with all that dignity and charm of manner which is the unfailing inheritance of the Latin, no matter how lowly his station or social condition may have been.

The school is opened by the Lord's Prayer, repeated in unison; then the classes separate and lessons are begun. There is an English primer for those who are just learning to read, and Miss Moore's English-Italian Language Book for such as have already mastered the art in their own language. It is interesting to note that the teachers, without any previous knowledge of Italian, are able to keep up their classes and do good work by the use of this practical little book—and at the end of a term they find that they are learning as well as teaching a new tongue. The senior class uses the Roman Catholic Gospels for translation, and very liberal are some of the renderings. Luigi Jacobelli, whose composition has already been quoted, colloquially translates St. John xx. 27: "Then said he to Tom, Reach here your finger," etc. For there is always a tendency among them to Anglicize and abbreviate proper names as a first step toward real Americanism. Francesco becomes

"Frank," Giuseppe is "Joe," and Luigi "Louis."

One of the chief features of camp-school life is the observance of the "festa." The fourth of July, the twentieth of September (date of the unification of Italy), the twelfth of October (Columbus Day), Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas—all are celebrated in proper form. A society called "La Buona Vita" has been organized for the purpose, as its name implies, of promoting correct and temperate living. On the last Friday of every month the students are permitted to have a dance instead of lessons, and on one of these occasions a young man, who was grasping with some difficulty the idea that the word temperance is general in its application, murmured resignedly when a young girl declined to dance with him:

"Ah, I understand—you won't dance, you're temperance!"

So great has been the success of the experiment at Aspinwall that the Society for Italian Immigrants felt justified in opening a second school in July, 1907, at Ambridge, for the laborers of the American Bridge Company.

Ambridge is one of those typical American towns which spring up almost in a night around some great industry. It is situated on the Ohio River, about fifteen miles from Pittsburgh, and has about five thousand inhabitants. Well paved and well lighted, it is a brisk and thriving little place. There are about two hundred Italians in the camp, and the school has an average attendance of fifty-two. This is, in a measure, a dependency of the Aspinwall school; the teachers at each take the liveliest interest in the other, and there is a pleasant interchange of helpfulness.

The students at Ambridge seem to be fired with a praiseworthy ambition to keep pace with the older establishment. Rallying all their available talent, they were able to give a concert in October, only three months after the opening of the school. This entertainment was under the auspices of a "stock company" which had been formed to invest in a small organ, and at the door of the school-house, ready to take tickets and receive guests, stood the president of

the company. When I offered him ten cents, my admission fee, he positively refused to accept it.

"I take-a no money from you people, you are all the time at so great expense for us," he persisted, shaking his head gently but resolutely, and led me to a front seat.

In what other nationality, I wondered, would such grateful appreciation and fine courtesy be found?

The little school-room was bravely decked for this festive occasion. Two American flags were crossed under a colored picture of the royal family of Italy, gay magazine covers adorned the white-plastered walls, long sprays of nasturtiums and wandering-jew trailed from a big glass bowl on top of the organ. The programme was written on the blackboard in beautiful flowing script by Giovanni Rossi, one of the senior class. Electric lights blazed, and the audience—chiefly Italian, with a sprinkling of Ambridge residents—filled every inch of space in the bright little room.

The first number was a mazurka composed by the gifted Giovanni and rendered by the school orchestra—two guitars and a mandolin. It was light music, lightly strummed, but sweet and true. Giovanni himself was the mandolin-player—a dapper youth, with hair picturesquely brushed back in a pompadour effect, and a carefully twisted mustache. He tried to preserve an air of detachment, bowing to the tumultuous applause with an unsmiling countenance, as of the great artist who is somewhat bored by his audience but willing to humor it. His performance over, he leaned nonchalantly back in his seat and gazed across the room with eyes that seemed to see far beyond its whitewashed walls. Three singers followed, making the very rafters ring with the "Inno di Garibaldi," and every Italian in the room joined in the stirring refrain:

"Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori che è l'ora;
Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori o stranier."

And the thought of all the light and beauty and romance bound up in that one word "Italia" brought a sudden sharp realization of how profoundly alien

they were, this little band of expatriates, in the chill of our great manufacturing region, with its veiled skies and pallid sunshine, its turmoil of life.

Carlo Brigante came next, with a vocal solo—something about "miacarina." He had some trouble in striking the key at first; but after several false starts, which embarrassed him not a whit, he sang bravely in a deep, husky voice until his face grew purple. At the close of his ditty he struggled agonizingly for a high note, missed it, emitted an explosive shriek, and sat down beaming with satisfaction, though the drops were rolling from his forehead. But his audience, with that delicate appreciation which judges the performance by its intention, gave him a round of applause, and did not ruffle his self-esteem by so much as a whisper or a smile.

After several recitations and more orchestral numbers, the concert was brought to a glorious finish, for the entire company rose, Italians and Americans, and joined with a will in singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

A few days later one of the Aspinwall teachers who had been present, having written a note of congratulation to Giovanni Rossi, received this message on a picture post-card:

"I exchange with great affection your regards and confirm with sincerity my esteem for you.

"When will I see you in Ambridge again?"

In any summing up of gain and loss, of give and take, there are always items that can never be reckoned. We may estimate our gifts and contributions to the camp schools in dollars and cents, but we have no way of calculating our own gain. For we get as much as we give—are we not richer by the outspoken gratitude, the ready politeness that responds to all our efforts, and, above all, by the wider outlook won through this close contact with another people?

Italy and Pennsylvania are drawn together by the bond of a common interest, and the relation between the employer and the immigrant, so difficult of adjustment, is imperceptibly humanized. And surely in this great city of ours it is not

amiss to stop for a moment in the hurry and commotion of our crowded days and take knowledge of that vast dumb under-

world out of whose unheeded toil the superstructure of wealth and luxury is built.

NEW PHASES IN THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO HEALTH

BY RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

PROFESSOR Charles A. Strong, of Columbia University, has written a suggestive monograph called "Why the Mind has a Body."¹ The reasons for this partnership are much like the forces by whose compulsion the partially disembodied souls of the Protestant Churches are now wistfully seeking their bodies. Deprived of its control of education, of charity, of medicine, and of government, a church is a nearly disembodied soul.

Not many years ago the soul of the church, its intelligence, energy, and creative imagination, were incarnate in the management of schools and colleges, in the healing of the sick, in the care of the poor, and in municipal government. One after another these vital and vitalizing activities, which once kept the church in close touch with the every-day needs and interests of men, have been taken over by secular agencies. The church is left a leaven, with nothing sufficient to resist, limit, and give body to its expanding energy, and, dimly conscious of this, it is reaching out for a new body, for new connections with the earth.

Thus have arisen the Salvation Army, Dr. Grenfell, and the institutional church. From this impulse comes the multiplication of church schools, of medical missionaries, and of "Christian Socialists." Then, partly because the church has lost its interest in the human body, and partly because the doctors have lost their interest in everything else, comes Christian Science, and triumphs because it reasserts (though in an unscientific and un-Christian way) the truth that religion has something to do

with the bodies as well as with the souls of men. Finally, in October, 1906, comes the Emmanuel Church Health Class.

Dr. Elwood Worcester and Dr. S. McComb, of Boston, respectively rector of Emmanuel Church and his associate, believe that, through a close alliance and co-operation of minister and doctor, many people can be helped out of difficulties for which they find elsewhere no adequate relief. In describing this movement I shall write of (a) the leaders, (b) the methods, (c) the results.

During his early ministry in Philadelphia Dr. Worcester had enjoyed the friendship of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and heard from him the suggestion that much good might be accomplished for nervous sufferers by the combination of sound religion and sound medicine, of doctor and minister. Doubtless Dr. Worcester was all the more impressed by this suggestion because he had previously studied psychology under Wundt in Germany, and taught it for six years at Lehigh University. That he was thus unusually fitted for the work of mental healing is a fact which should, I think, be especially impressed on others of his profession who may attempt to follow in his footsteps. Dr. McComb has also studied psychology at Oxford, and has had special opportunities of acquainting himself with abnormal psychology. While neither of these gentlemen has studied medicine, they have both some knowledge of physiology, and are picking up, I fancy, a good many useful scraps of medical knowledge through their close association with the physicians of their church.

No one can be treated at Emmanuel Church without the diagnosis and approval of a physician. Each patient

¹ Why the Mind has a Body. By Charles A. Strong. The Macmillan Company, 1903.

brings a letter from his physician, or, if he has none, is referred for examination to one of the physicians of the parish, who have agreed to examine, free of charge, all who apply for admission to the Health Class. If the patient is found to have no organic disease and to be otherwise suitable for psychical treatment, he is then taken in charge by Dr. Worcester, Dr. McComb, or one of their assistants. Last year the rector and the curate devoted the whole of every morning to seeing the patients who waited in rows outside their studies in the parish house, as at a doctor's office. One or two evenings a week were also devoted to the treatment of alcoholic patients. This year they give only about half as much time.

Of the classical methods of mental healing, explanation, education, psycho-analysis, suggestion, rest-cure, and work-cure, suggestion is the one most used at Emmanuel Church. Suggestion is given to patients who have been brought by means of a quiet room, a comfortable chair, and soothing words into a relaxed and somnolent or sleeping state. Much use is also made of "waking suggestion" and of training in auto-suggestion. So far as the limits of their time allow, moral and spiritual education is also used, but neither of these gentlemen can afford the time necessary for the more laborious methods which involve the training of the patient's senses, emotions, and will-power, the personal investigation of his environment (physical, domestic, industrial, spiritual), or the supervision of his reawakened powers of work. They cannot visit the patient in his home, and in the majority of cases they cannot keep in touch with their cases through the many weeks and months necessary for re-education and work-cure. That, despite these limitations, they accomplish the strikingly beneficial results which I have seen is all the more credit to them and to the power of suggestion as they use it.

Besides the direct personal treatment of individuals in the morning and evening "clinics" (for such they essentially are), Emmanuel Church maintains weekly public exercises which may be chiefly described as Wednesday evening prayer-

meetings, with a twenty-minute talk on mental healing instead of a sermon, and a supper afterwards. Besides the rector and curate, Dr. L. F. Barker (Dr. Osler's successor at Johns Hopkins), Dr. James J. Putnam, of Boston, and others have addressed these Wednesday evening audiences. Among the topics discussed in the past year are : Insomnia, Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion, Habit, The Subconscious, Anger, Worry, Peace in the Home, What the Will Can Do, Nervousness and its Cause, and Prayer as a Curative Power. In the early meetings the audience took part in the discussion and many strange experiences and "cures" were related, but this has now been stopped.

At the social meeting after the service no one is allowed to talk of symptoms and every one is expected to do his part in entertaining the rest. Once a fortnight music is also provided. About two hundred and fifty persons now regularly stay for this part of the meeting, and by the solitary, self-centered, often depressed nervous sufferers who form the bulk of the "Emmanuel Church Health Class" such opportunities for recreation and refreshment are highly valued. Last summer, after these meetings had ceased, Dr. Worcester found several times a sizable group of people gathered on a Wednesday evening outside the church. They knew that there was to be no meeting inside, yet still they liked to come there, and sometimes they would organize a meeting on the sidewalk and appoint one of their number to address them.

Although this work has been carried on for only a year, it is right and proper that we should begin to inquire as to the results; not, of course, the final results, but the balance of gain and loss up to date as it affects our outlook on the future.

Through the kindness of Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb, I have been allowed to study all the records of the cases treated between March, 1907, when the present record system was first begun, and November, 1907. Within that period of seven months I find records of 178 cases; a figure which represents perhaps one-half of those actually treated during the first year's

work, and a third of those who applied for treatment.

The following table shows the number and kind of cases treated up to November 1, 1907, and the results, so far as known:

Diseases.	Much Improved.	Slightly Improved.	Not Improved.	Result Unknown.	Total.
Neurasthenia.....	20	16	17	29	82
Insanity ¹	3	2	14	5	24
Alcoholism.....	8	3	14	7	22
Fears and fixed ideas....	7	1	4	6	18
Sexual neuroses.....	2	3	4	1	10
Hysteria.....	1	1	1	2	5
Miscellaneous.....	6	2	4	5	17
Total.....	47	28	48	55	178

Improvement in seventy-five out of the one hundred and twenty-three cases in which the result is known seems to me a creditable showing, especially when one considers the conditions under which these results were obtained. The two clergymen who did most of this work had their ordinary parish duties to carry on at the same time. The patients could not be isolated or controlled as in a sanitarium, nor could any physical methods of treatment (baths, massage) be applied. Many of the patients exemplified very stubborn types of their maladies, and had already been treated without benefit by several physicians.

I have inquired as carefully as I could for evidences of possible harm done by this treatment. The nearest approach to anything of that kind is contained in the fact that after their treatment at Emmanuel Church two patients became adherents of the New Thought movement, and one became interested in Christian Science. Since there is no evidence that any harm has been done, the seventy-five cases in which undoubted benefit has resulted should be put down as a clear gain, with nothing to offset it.

In some of these cases the gain has been very remarkable. This is especially true in some of the cases of insomnia and of fears and fixed ideas. A patient of the last type writes:

"I am a different man altogether. At times some of my old trouble comes back, but I can drive it away by suggestion. To be free from the fears I have suffered

from for so many years is a blessing indeed."

Another patient wrote in December, 1907, the following:

"I was examined at Emmanuel Church January 31, 1907. I had suffered all that it was possible to suffer from insomnia extending over a period of four years. My doctor told me that I could never expect to be able to carry on my work, which is that of a professional singer. Under his treatment I had improved somewhat, but I had made no headway whatever in getting back my will-power, my self-control, my ability to control my thoughts and my nervousness in public work. . . . I think I was never happier in my life than I was after Dr. McComb's first treatment, when I realized what a mighty force was at my disposal. The effect of suggestion upon me is perfectly marvelous. It has never failed. To make a long story short, your work in connection with Emmanuel Church has made life over for me. I have found that by following out the principles which you teach I can gain and keep health, self-control, and the ability to think and work. . . . I have had excellent success in my public work. I am full of courage and hope for the future, and full of gratitude to God that he put it into your hearts to carry on this beautiful work."

A third patient (an eminent lawyer) writes to Dr. Worcester: "Since my interview with you I have slept perfectly well every night, though for more than a year I had never slept well a single time. Also you instantly changed my point of view so completely that my former worrying tenseness of mind and body has relaxed, and I can go on my way and do my job easily and calmly." This was written two months after his visit to Emmanuel Church.

To obtain results such as these in more than one-third of the cases treated makes up for a great deal of time apparently wasted in fruitless efforts.

Among the cases which I have myself sent to Emmanuel Church for treatment was one of chronic insomnia—very greatly benefited; and one of hysteria with asthma and eczema, in which great benefit followed so far as the asthma was concerned, but no permanent gain

¹ Mostly of the milder type of the depressive-maniacal psychosis.

as regards the eczema. A business man of forty-six, completely "worked out" (as he expressed it), discouraged, half convinced that his friends had become his enemies, melancholic in every unoccupied moment, writes me, a month after beginning treatment with Dr. McComb, that he is "a thousand per cent better" and believes that he will "soon be well."

It should further be said that there is a considerable group of patients whose physical condition shows no marked improvement, but whose moral and spiritual outlook has been so much improved that they look back with enthusiasm and gratitude upon their treatment at Emmanuel Church. Life now seems to them worth living; previously it did not.

From these cases the clientele of Emmanuel Church merges into the large group of those whose troubles are not primarily physical at all, but moral and religious. Naturally such persons appeal very strongly to the founders of this movement, whose chief motive is religious and ethical. Perhaps the most important work which they have accomplished has not been tabulated nor made a matter of exact record. It consists in assisting a large body of sad, dispirited men and women to face the problems of life and to bear their burdens more cheerfully, in consoling the distressed, in guiding the doubtful, in counseling the despondent, and in deterring persons meditating suicide from the accomplishment of this purpose. In gratitude for this sort of spiritual reinforcement one grateful woman writes: "I am astonished at the power which is doing this re-creating for me, because I am conscious that it is in no wise my will. You most certainly set free in me some imprisoned spring of action; I feel no struggle, only a simple process of accomplishment."

Naturally, a good deal has been learned in the course of the year and a half since the work began. As the work is at present organized, practically all the patients are examined by one of the physicians connected with the Health Class, whether they have been sent to the class by another physician or not. At this preliminary examination nearly one-third of all cases are rejected as unfit

for psychical treatment. If the disorder is found to be suitable for such treatment, an appointment is made; and no case is now seen by Dr. Worcester or Dr. McComb without previous appointment. In this way the amount of waiting in the anteroom is considerably reduced. The number of patients is now limited, in order not to overtask the strength of the rector and curate. Indeed, at the present time no new cases at all are received.

Is it advisable that a like association of minister and physician for the alleviation or cure of nervous disorders should be formed in other cities? Is the clergyman the proper person to co-operate in this work? I believe that for the present great good will come of such an association, provided that all patients are examined by a wise and skillful physician, provided the clergyman has had the proper training in psychology and psycho-therapeutics, and provided he will adopt a strict system of record-keeping under the directions of his medical coadjutor. I can see that a great deal of harm may come if the wrong kind of physician and the wrong kind of minister take up work of this kind; but we must ask ourselves, "What is the alternative; what treatment is now available for nervous sufferers, especially of the poorer classes, in cities where no such alliance of minister and doctor exists?" I think it will be admitted by any one familiar with the facts that for the impoverished neurasthenic, in fact for all except the very well-to-do, the resources available in most communities are woefully inadequate. The sanatoria are unable to take more than a small fraction of such patients, even if they were able to leave their homes for the purpose; private physicians can do little for them, except at an expense which the patient cannot afford. More than this, the average physician fights shy of them; they bore him, fatigue him, and annoy him; or, if he accepts them and undertakes to treat them, he often makes a very poor fist of it because he knows so little of psychology, of education, and of the intimate connection between physical suffering and the mental, moral, and spiritual life of the individual.

Under present conditions, therefore, it seems to me that a movement like that initiated at Emmanuel Church has great possibilities of good and rather limited possibilities for harm. Whether this will always be so I cannot definitely say. It may be that, in the future, medical students will be trained to recognize much more fully than they now do the crucial importance of mental, moral, and spiritual conditions in their relation to bodily suffering.

To the average medical man of the present day the idea that religion has any natural connection with the cure of disease is a stumbling-block. He recognizes more or less dimly that explanation, encouragement, education, psycho analysis, and suggestion are potent methods for the alleviation of nervous disorders; but he does not often recognize that no one of these methods can be carried to its highest perfection by an agnostic. An explanation of mental and moral abnormalities which takes no account of the spiritual unity of the world in which the individual mind finds its place and its meaning is a superficial explanation, and so a relatively inefficient one. Attempts to encourage a patient without giving him any good reason for being encouraged, in ill fortune as well as in good, are superficial; for there are no good reasons for being encouraged under all circumstances except religious reasons. Education is indeed the most potent of all our weapons in the attack upon nervous disorders; but it is not academic nor intellectual acumen that we wish to produce in this type of sufferer, but rather that moral and spiritual awakening which gives him a greater and better reason, a purer and intenser motive, for all that he does.

Because I believe, then, that all explanation, all encouragement, all education which ignores religion is, for that reason, slipshod and slovenly, I believe that patients whose physical ills can be mitigated through explanation, encouragement, and education need the help of some one to whom religion is a working reality.

Using the word religion as I have done in the inclusive sense, not as one activity or one interest among others, but as the foundation and motive power of all interests and activities, I should say that the most religious persons in my acquaintance are the educators and the social workers. Were they free to take up the work of psycho-therapeutics, I believe they would be better fitted for it than either the ministers or the doctors; but since this is impracticable, and since the great majority of the medical profession still incline to behave as if religion were a special more or less harmless interest like a taste for old china, the help of the right kind of minister should be welcomed by all physicians who have at heart the bettering of the conditions of mental and nervous health in the community at large. In the hands of a minister of integrity, good judgment, resourcefulness, and enthusiasm, co-operating with a physician of the same caliber, we have every reason to expect that many now suffering from functional nervous disorders will find help and strength for which they look in vain.

Let every community see to it that such men *and only such* shall receive support and encouragement in the initiation of this new experiment—the “team play” of two great professions for the alleviation of one of the commonest and keenest of human sufferings.

THE JAPANESE IN EVOLUTION

TWO years and a half ago a Japanese statesman said to the writer: "This year marks the attainment of our political equality with other nations. How much longer will they deny us social equality?"

Americans and Europeans refuse to treat Mongolians as their equals. They still seem to think that the Japanese are Mongolians, despite the fact that in body, mind, thought, speech, ways, institutions, the Japanese suggest other elements than the Mongolian.

We are glad now to have a discussion of Japanese ancestry from one who, in "The Mikado's Empire," "Japan in History, Folklore, and Art," has shown himself to be well fitted for the task. A generation ago Dr. Griffis lived in the far interior of one of the Japanese islands, seeing no white man for many months, and among a people who might fairly be supposed to be more or less directly descended from the Ainus, the aborigines. He noted in them many evidences of descent of Iranian, Caucasian, or Aryan ancestry. The types of countenance, the lightness of the skin, the hair, the eyes, and the cuticle of the babies and little folk, but especially the workings of the adult mind, led him to the opinion that the Japanese were not, at all events, a pure Mongolian race. During his subsequent years in Tokyo Dr. Griffis's opinion was confirmed. We would emphasize the fact that this opinion comes from no recent American sojourner, but from one of the first of our educators called to Japan, and the only one who viewed the passing of the feudal system from the interior of a Daimio's castle, a man who has been in close touch with the leaders of the present administration, including the Mikado himself.

Dr. Griffis will deserve well of the Japanese. So far as we know, no book has yet been written which should do more than the present volume to affirm the ground for the Japanese demand for

social equality. With marked erudition, but concisely and graphically, Dr. Griffis traces the secret of Japan's superiority and reaches the conclusion that the nation's superiority is largely bound up in its ancestry, and that ancestry is *white*. He declares that the Japanese are a mixed people, made up of several races, but that their basic stock was white—an Aryan or Ainu stock.

As representing mixed races, the admixture of other than Aryan elements is so strong that at first we are apt to think of the Japanese as belonging not more to the Mongolian than to the Malay stock, because of their short legs, low stature, and delicate limbs. But, antedating the Malay and the Mongolian admixtures, the terra-cotta figures of human shape which adorn those age-old dolmens, erected before there was writing or spelling, reveal the variety of elements in the earliest Japanese ethnic composition. The most striking feature of these figures is the absence of Mongolian characteristics. The figures seem to be Aryan or Semitic. Hence Dr. Griffis concludes that the Japanese archipelago was, first of all, inhabited by a race common to both Europe and Asia, that white men belonging to the great Aryan family and speaking a language akin with the Indo-Germanic tongue were the first Japanese. Again, though Chinese words outnumber twice or thrice all the words in the primitive vocabulary, judged by their most ancient language-roots the early Japanese belonged to the Semitic race. Thus early Japan might have claimed kindredship with Assyria!

The words Mongol and Mongolian, loosely used concerning Japan and the Japanese, were not known to the European languages, says Dr. Griffis, until the great irruption in the thirteenth century of the hordes from Mongolia. The face of Asia became changed. The Mongols now ruled China. They overran Korea and made it their base of operations against Japan.

In the year 1281 Japan once and for all defeated them. It was the first

¹ The Japanese Nation in Evolution. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.

"Battle of the Sea of Japan." The second was to be when "the semi-Mongol Russians in the armada under the gallant Rojesvinsky were checked by Admiral Togo:" thus the Straits of Tsushima witnessed two notable naval victories in the Empire's defense. Incidentally, Dr. Griffis's book offers a compact and highly interesting, if highly eulogistic, history of Japan from the earliest epoch to our own.

The rejection of Mongolism—and Mongolism would have meant a reversion from civilization to barbarism—may be reckoned, thinks our author, as the greatest deed in the development of national consciousness until the arrival of Commodore Perry's expedition. For success over the Mongol immediately created a new spirit of nationalism. Its type we recognize in the Samurai, that union of the warrior and the gentleman, that combination of the spirit of chivalry, of gentleness, and of learning, in one figure. It has expressed unparalleled loyalty to the monarch. Perhaps this is one reason why there have been thirty-six dynasties in China and but one in Japan!

This difference brings us to a consideration of deeper distinctions. We proceed from politics and government to psychology and religion. The Japanese mind works "in other grooves than those smoothed by the Chinese many centuries ago." If Japan has united the soldier and the civilian in one ideal type instead of keeping them apart as in China, in the field of æsthetics she has created a distinctly non-Mongolian world of beauty and taste. It is in the domain of philosophy and religion, however, that the

difference between the Japanese and Chinese is more conclusively expressed; for the Japanese refuse blindly to accept Confucianism, and have ever kept themselves large-mindedly disposed to appreciate the good in other forms of religion, and to choose from all forms that which tends to the upbuilding of their religious ideal.

The most striking difference between the Japanese and the Chinese, however, is that which constitutes also a fundamental difference between ourselves and the Chinese. As Dr. Griffis says: "The Chinese invented what they have. We did not, nor did the Japanese. Nearly all that is fundamental in our religion, law, letters, figures, has been borrowed. Like the Japanese, we are debtors to past ages, races, and civilizations. On the contrary, the Chinese have had but one culture. It is indigenous."

Thus, whatever be the racial elements represented in the Japanese of to-day, binding them to Asia, there are other subtle and powerful ethnological bonds between the Japanese and ourselves, suggesting a dim past and that shadowy civilization about which we know so little, yet from which so many now dissimilar peoples and races have gone forth. Though by the admixture of other races the Japanese cannot be regarded as white men, neither should they be regarded as yellow as we apply that term to the Chinese. If "race is the key to history," the Japanese are but exercising a God-given right in showing themselves the true middle term in enabling the Orient to understand the Occident, and, what is more important, the Occident to understand the Orient.

Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

The discriminating novel-reader has come to look forward to the publication of a new book¹ by the author of "Joseph Vance" with that pleasurable certainty of an enjoyable experience that one used to have in the days of the great Victorian story-tellers. Mr. De Morgan's three books differ in force and story-interest (probably the first of the three to appear will remain also first in public favor), but all have the same delightful discursiveness, the same underlying humor, the same trick of wandering unexpectedly into side-paths of character-study, the same singularly full knowledge of certain fields of industry and art, and the same kind and wholesome spirit. All this is true of "Somehow Good." At times the author pushes what he himself dubs his "intermittent style" a trifle too far, and one wishes he would keep the main track a little longer. But he has his own peculiar methods of working out his ideas; and, divagate as he will, he never really lets the reader lose interest in the action, or cease to wonder how the past life of the man who has lost his identity and is left in London without name, money, or friends will be brought to light, or how the jolly and cheerful Sally who is "somehow good" despite the dark and distressing history of her birth may be kept unconscious of what she should never know and be to the end the simple, sweet, and light-hearted girl. Readers who lay stress on unity of construction, compactness of method, and sharpness of outline will think the six hundred pages of "Somehow Good" too many, but those who like leisurely narrative, shrewd observation, and gentle satire will find the novel mellow and quietly entertaining. It is a book to read at one's ease, not to rush through in order to kill an idle hour.

Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Archibald Marshall have made secure places for themselves in contemporary fiction within a comparatively short time. Mr. De Morgan is an old man; Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Marshall are apparently at the beginning of careers which promise productivity of a very substantial and important kind. Mr. Marshall's latest story, "Exton Manor,"² is one of the most carefully written and thoroughly worked out pieces of fiction that has appeared in England for a long time past. It is an intimate picture of English country life, somewhat after the manner and from

the point of view of Trollope, though without a touch of imitation. The principal figures are drawn with the utmost care and definiteness; and the story is worked out with a finish and thoroughness that make its workmanship conspicuous without being obtrusive. It touches upon the injustice of old-time feeling about the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. Mr. Marshall is a Cambridge graduate. He began life as a business man, but soon discovered that he had mistaken his vocation. He visited this country eleven years ago with Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who, it will be remembered, coached the Harvard crew. Mr. Marshall, like many other English men of letters, is a devotee of the garden. He lives in the country, not far from Rye. He is the editor of the London Daily Mail's Book Supplement. He plays golf, reads widely, especially in the field of fiction and poetry, and appears to be in all respects a normal man, whose work is likely to ripen and grow better with time.

From Ellen Glasgow we may always expect thoroughly well written fiction, with accurate rendering of Southern color and atmosphere, and also with a definite ethical and social purpose. "The Ancient Law"¹ is essentially a sad story, and one could wish the bright spots picturing Virginian life and humor a little more frequent, but the book is not in its essence either pessimistic or depressing. The "ancient law" that evil will have its inevitable consequences, despite repentance and reparation, follows Daniel Ordway implacably. He has forged to save his fortune, and has served a term in prison; when he is free he begins a humble life in a little Virginia town under a new name, and unknown to all. But he is so helpful, brave, and unselfish, and so makes himself the champion of the poor and the oppressed, that "Ten Commandments Smith," as he is called, is loved by all good citizens, and remains so even when his past is dragged into light. Returning to his old home, he finds his wife cold and filled with aversion; his daughter, whom he loves above all, marries for wealth, becomes almost a monomaniac in her extravagance, and is only saved from prison by her father's acceptance of the guilt of her forgery; love for the one woman who might have been his life's helpmate is not to be thought of; and even after he goes back to the village, and does away with anarchy and tyranny in a great mill by becoming its owner, he is overwhelmed with sorrow and

¹ Somehow Good. By William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.75.

² Exton Manor. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

¹ The Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

distress. There is sympathetic and delicate working out of character throughout, and the book is eminently dignified and worthy. In its nature it is less entertaining than other novels by Miss Glasgow, but it is a fine piece of literary work notwithstanding.

Mr. Phillpotts's new story of his beloved Dartmoor¹ is a sound piece of character analysis—or perhaps, more strictly speaking, of character synthesis. It has not the tragic intensity of his "The Secret Woman," nor is it in humor or graphic descriptive power the equal of "The Children of the Mist," but in a quiet and rather repressed way it is a true reflection of human nature and a subtle exposition of carefully contrasted temperaments. The fiery and vehement son whose wise and sweet old mother alone knows that he is really sound at heart and that her influence will in time make a man of him; the delightfully wicked and witty poacher Mole-skin; the passionate and principleless Jill and her tame flute-playing husband Sammy; the crabbed old farm laborer Codd; the priggish school-teacher, and half a dozen other clearly drawn and individual men and women, are all worthy of one's interest. The plot is slight and the action far too sluggish, but the workmanship and the intellectual quality are of the best.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture has a large following in this country among those who like gentle and pleasing pictures of English social life. We are glad that her first book,² written long before "Peter's Mother," has been given an American edition, for it has some of the qualities of the author's later work. A self-reliant Devonshire young woman, who owns and works her own farm, marries an elderly Major, a typical clubman and worldling. Under the glamour of the fact that he knew her father as a brother officer, and even lent him money, poor Deborah takes her Major for a noble soul. The tale of her disillusionment is told with simplicity, and she is to the end a wholesome, large-hearted, lovable woman. A little compression would have improved the book.

In a collection of short stories called "Simple from the Master's Garden"³ Mrs. Slosson continues to write in her original vein of tender human feeling and deep spirituality. Story-Tell Lib weaves a charming parable, and the interpretation of it strikes through all conventionalities. Each little story has for its central figure some simple but clear-minded thinker upon great subjects. The

little crippled girl, the unlearned negro boy, the backwoodsman, the village woman, the dreamer, the energetic and devoted church member, all tell their thoughts through the sympathetic writings of Mrs. Slosson, and all are helpful.

Mr. Vance's new tale⁴ is at its best when it deals with plot complications; at its worst when it attempts fine writing or social philosophy. As a sensational narrative of crime attempted and frustrated it is ingenious enough, but it does not come within sight of the remotest borders of real literature.

A novel⁵ involving an heiress of American birth and her ambition for a European title is written by Christian Reid. Nadine is everything exquisite, aristocratic, and fascinating. About to be betrothed by her American grandmother to a lovely prince who hopes to be King of "Serabia," she meets a money king from America, whose advent completely changes her future. Being a money king and an American, Leighton of the bronze face had a will of his own, which he used whenever it seemed necessary. Of the complications between an imprudent and revolutionary young Russian, a daring American girl, and a diplomatic Slav, the reader must learn for himself. Upon the whole, the most fitting adjective for this novel is "elegant."

"Ten to Seventeen"⁶ is a cleverly written composite diary of boarding-school girls, with a sub-consciously humorous setting forth of the school-girl point of view. This field of fiction has been worked with reasonable success by this author and by Miss Jordan, but it is easy to imagine it overdone.

Mr. Harold Bindloss evidently has special knowledge of West Africa and of the Canary Islands. In "For Jacinta"⁷ he gives an almost too realistic and minutely drawn picture of the savagery, fever, damp heat, and general hatefulness of the coast where his hero is trying to get by salvage the cargo of a wrecked steamer, and thereby prove in his lady's eyes his capacity to be something more than a dawdler and dilettante. The narrative of this adventure is too long drawn out, but there is some sincere effort at character depiction.

A more improbable tale than "Virginie"⁸ would be hard to find. Ernest Oldmeadow, the author, has given his imagination full rein. Rather witty in parts, with amusing

¹ *The Mother of the Man*. By Eden Phillpotts. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

² *Deborah of Tods*. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

³ *Simple from the Master's Garden*. By Annie Trumbull Slosson. The Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia. \$1. net.

⁴ *The Black Bag*. By Louis Joseph Vance. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

⁵ *Princess Nadine*. By Christian Reid. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

⁶ *Ten to Seventeen*. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

⁷ *For Jacinta*. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.

⁸ *Virginie*. By Ernest Oldmeadow. The McClure Company, New York. \$1.50.

accessories of frivolous sayings, the story centers about a beautiful French girl who appears upon the scene frozen with a block of ice and deposited in the pantry of a rich young Englishman! She was not served up at supper, like oysters, but her further adventures by flood, fire, and field are no less startling. A truly lovely picture of Virginie in color looks out with solemn eyes from the frontispiece.

Samuel Hopkins Adams appeared last year in the fiction field, as author, in collaboration with Stewart Edward White, of the tantalizingly mysterious tale, "The Mystery." He has now produced, "off his own bat," so to speak, another story¹ equally packed with thrills and provocative of breathless reading. An unseen, inexplicable source of death, which seems to descend from the air under cover of the darkness and strike men to the earth, terrorizes the sojourners at a little Long Island shore resort. The mysterious agency is fearlessly investigated by the principal characters in the story, and its nature finally discovered just as its existence is put an end to. Mr. Adams has written a readable story, and has offered for his mystery an explanation at the same time impossible and eminently satisfying.

Another tale² of mystery comes from the busy pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim, but, unlike Mr. Adams's, his mystery is one of human diplomacy and intrigue, not of supernatural forces. The plot deals with empires brought to the verge of war by obscure individuals and finally rescued from the struggle by other even more obscure individuals. A novel and amusing feature of the story is the introduction of a group of American billionaires as supporters of the cause of a pretender to the French throne; in return for their financial aid their wives are to be made Duchesses, Countesses, and Marquises. A literary note, published not long since, reported Mr. Oppenheim as admitting that he did not understand women. Observation of the heroine of this book will probably convince many readers that he spoke the truth.

Baron Rosenkrantz gives us a really clever story³ in which two brilliant lawyers manage a difficult case in the German courts of laws. The reader is on the alert from beginning to end, and the author dwells as lightly as possible upon such evil as necessarily enters into the plot. The magistrate and prosecutor gives up the management of the case to another, and is imme-

diately involved in a web of circumstantial evidence himself, such as he had woven for the man accused of the murder. His relations to the actors in the tragedy are so well concealed that we share the surprise in store for the rather stupid Police Inspector Shultz when the whole truth is disclosed.

Fishes President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, is recognized the world over as a very high authority on fishes. In this volume¹ of the American Nature Series he has gathered practically all the non-technical material contained in his own well-known work, "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," omitting much in that book which was intended for the technical student of ichthyology. Special attention is paid to food fishes and the fishes pursued for sport in this country, but all varieties, existing as well as those extinct, are described. The book is a handsome quarto, finely printed, and is made immensely attractive by its eighteen colored plates and its nearly seven hundred other illustrations.

Continental China

All china collectors will be glad to have this book,² although it deals with what may at first sight seem a rather limited field. It is not, however, actually as limited as one might suppose, for although England and America are not represented, the number of old factories in France, Germany, and even in Austria and Italy was very large indeed. France, for instance, had thirty well-known manufactories of porcelain, and Germany twenty. The illustrations are many and beautiful, while much attention has been given to reproducing the marks which form the test of genuineness and historic associations.

Tennyson The first volume³ of the new Eversley Edition of Tennyson, to be issued complete in six volumes, is certain to be, for many years to come, a definitive form of the poet laureate's works. Its special features are the publication of a number of additional poems, and the annotation of the poems by Lord Tennyson, and his son Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson. In the first volume these notes and the additional poems fill an appendix of one hundred and thirty pages. The poems, with the exception of "Timbuctoo," long known to the readers of Tennyson as a successful college exercise, are not of great importance, though they are of considerable interest. In the notes the poet throws abundant light on the

¹ The Flying Death. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. The McClure Company, New York. \$1.50.

² The Great Secret. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

³ The Magistrate's Own Case. By Baron Palle Rosenkrantz. The McClure Company, New York. \$1.50.

¹ Fishes. By David Starr Jordan. (American Nature Series. Group I.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$6, net.

² How to Collect Continental China. By C. H. Wylde. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

³ The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Vol. I. Annotated by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Eversley Edition. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50, net.

sources from which the materials of some of his poems are taken. The value of the edition for students and for careful readers is apparent. The Outlook will comment on it more fully later.

*A Readable
Life of Edison*

Hardly any book could appeal more strongly to boys and young men who are interested in American invention than a clearly written and popular story of Thomas A. Edison's career. The present book¹ exactly answers that description. It takes up the personality of the man quite as much as it does his inventiveness, and the narrative abounds in humor and bits of incident and anecdote. It is true, as the publishers say, that Edison's life story in many ways reads like a romance, and that story is condensed pretty closely and picturesquely in the following statement:

At fourteen a shock-headed "news-butcher," newspaper editor, and chemical experimenter—all on train-board; at eighteen, "tramp" telegraph operator, with a wonderful speed record; at twenty-two, full-fledged inventor, selling his stock-ticker for the fabulous sum (to him) of forty thousand dollars. After this start, the quadruplex telegraph, the dynamo, the incandescent light, the phonograph, the kinetoscope, and many things equally wonderful have followed, until the public has finally ceased to be astonished at anything this man does, and calmly labels him "Wizard."

We should say that this was in every way an attractive and very likely an inspiring book to put in a boy's hands, while in its literary character it is perfectly well suited for older readers also.

*The Nature of
Law*

It was a misfortune that Dr. Carter did not live to deliver these lectures;² it is fortunate that he lived to complete them so nearly. In spirit, in purpose, and in their conception of the basic principle of law we find ourselves in entire agreement with them. Their general spirit is fairly represented by a single sentence in Lecture VI: "No one can become a thorough lawyer without an intelligent comprehension of the general subject of Ethics, nor, let me add, without a fixed and constant sense of the personal obligation to conform his own life to the rules which the study of Ethics reveals." This intellectual apprehension of law as a system of applied Ethics characterizes the book, as this sense of personal obligation to the highest standards of personal and professional honor characterized the author. His purpose is indicated by the title of his volume and by the following sentence in the opening paragraph of Lecture I: "The third and final effort [of a complete study of

the law] would be to explore the realms of science which lie beyond the immediate boundaries of the law, and ascertain its origin, its essential nature, the method of its development, the function it fills in human society, and the place it occupies in the general system of human knowledge; in other words, to learn what is termed the Philosophy of the Law." We agree with him that far too little attention has been paid to this branch of legal study, for the reasons which he has so clearly stated, and the necessity for such study is abundantly illustrated by our court proceedings, and the lack of it is one cause of the increasing popular dissatisfaction with law and the law courts in the United States. We also agree with him that Law has its origin, not in the commands of a superior which the superior is able to enforce, but in the interpretation of custom, and that this is true whether the law be written or unwritten, legislative or court-made. But we do not agree with him that custom is the foundation of justice, nor that general custom makes a law just. "Justice," he says, "considered as a sentiment, is the sense of what *ought to be done by one to another*, and this is necessarily what one might fairly expect from another—that is, what is customarily done, for no one would think it justice to require from one anything not in accordance with custom." We venture to offer here a different definition of law, and to suggest a different basis for it. Law is the nature of the thing of which it is predicated. The law of gravitation is a statement of the nature of all physical bodies. The laws of health are the nature of man's physical organism—as what air, food, exercise, sleep, etc., it requires to maintain a normal condition. The laws of the Decalogue—Thou shalt not kill, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness—are a statement that it is the nature of healthful, well-ordered society to regard the rights of person, property, the family, the reputation. Human laws, whether written or unwritten, court made or legislature-made, are just when they truly interpret the nature of society, unjust when they do not. This is the scientific statement of the truth embodied in Hooker's declaration that The seat of law is the bosom of Almighty God.

*Ancient
Italy* Twenty-six critical papers¹ by a distinguished Italian archæologist, practically unpublished hitherto, are here made available to American specialists in Greek and Latin studies by their countryman, the translator, in close touch with the author. The volume is appropriately illustrated.

¹ Thomas Alva Edison: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life. By Francis Arthur Jones. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2, net.

² Law: Its Origin, Growth, and Function. By James Coolidge Carter, LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50, net.

¹ Ancient Italy. By Ettore Pais. Translated by C. Densmore Curtis. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. \$5, net.

Letters to The Outlook

JUSTICE TO TEACHERS

Justice is the inherent right of all. Theoretically all admit it; practically the lovers of fair play try to secure it. Denial of inherent rights has never made for good, in world affairs, National affairs, State affairs, or individual affairs.

Equal pay for equal work is justice; therefore the inherent right of every worker. Denied, unrest, discontent, bitter thoughts, loss of interest in the work. Granted, peace, sunshine, and happy faces with better work.

Where the results are visible, tangible, countable, no one dissents from the proposition of equal pay for equal work. In occupations where the results are not so clearly visible, so readily tangible, so easily countable, but equally ascertainable, a discrimination in the pay of the worker begins to appear.

Teaching in both public and private schools is the chief occupation in which the workers receive unequal pay for equal work. Were this inequality based upon the skill, the influence, or the character-building ability of the teacher—any one of which furnishes a just standard for compensation—it would not furnish a cause of complaint, since there is a chance for the teacher to improve in the rating, with a corresponding increase in the salary. But unequal pay in teaching is governed by no such intellectual or pedagogical attainments on the part of the teacher. The inequality is based—let the twentieth century blush to own it—upon the sex of the teacher! In other words, if a man teacher in the city of New York, and largely elsewhere, double pay for the same work; if a woman teacher, half pay for double work. In still other words, a woman teacher is educationally foreordained and pedagogically predestinated to do the same work for half the sum willingly given to a man. So, in the last analysis, our educational authorities, floored by logic and cornered by fair play, throw up their hands and exclaim, "It is the Lord and not we who is responsible for the unequal pay; and who shall contend against him!"

This bit of mediæval logic in educational affairs is as much out of place in the twentieth century as the crossbow and battering-ram in modern warfare. Woman is no longer a mediæval puppet to adorn a castle, or to be cast into the dust-bin at the whim of the owner. She is a living, forceful presence, with whom legislators must reckon and

educational bodies give due heed whenever rights are concerned.

Want of space forbids mentioning the causes for the inequality of pay when women first entered the teaching field, and the reasons given for continuing the same. The causes have long been removed, and the reasons no longer have force. They are still paraded, but the straws show through the rents, and the sharp eyes of the women have discerned what the men have long known, that the formidable-looking reasons were but the show-men to frighten the timid in their ranks, or to justify a false economy in which no one believed.

That women's educational work is equal to that of a man the writer unhesitatingly declares. He compares the average man and woman teacher. He leaves out the super-averages made by each sex. As a class teacher, as a principal, as a supervisor, as a member of the Board of Education, his opportunities for observation have been long and wide. He can see but little difference between the educational work of a man and that of a woman, and this little difference is to the credit of the woman teacher. Since the woman does equal work, it is hard to see why she should not receive equal pay. If the pay of men is too high, let it come down to the just amount. If it is not, let the pay of the woman be made equal to it. If not at once, then by a limited number of yearly increases. Justice is the inherent right of all. Equal pay for equal work is justice. No State, no city, no town, no man, ever lost by doing justice. Therefore let justice be done and equal pay for equal work secured in all occupations. H.

[We express our opinion on this question elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

A RAILWAY MAN ON THE PRESIDENT'S POLICIES

I may be permitted to say, in obedience to Quintilian's injunction to the young would-be orator to premise his speech by introducing himself, that, at eighty years of age, I am one of the oldest surviving of railway promoters and investors. Having, with Boston friends, carried the Burlington road across Iowa and Nebraska, and later, with other Boston friends, having carried the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, of which I was then President, through Kansas, and having at that time been interested in part of the present Rock Island system, I can say,

as to railway building in the West, *omne vidi, pars fui*.

I have known President Roosevelt since he first stirred up the New York Legislature, and I am glad that you stand by him in his great work, not only in behalf of the public welfare, but, from the most intelligent standpoint, in behalf of railway corporations, some of whose managers now complain of his intervention. That the President, by this intervention for the promotion of honesty and the sound business conduct of the carrying trade of the country, has saved the country from overwhelming disaster no really intelligent person can question. I am a holder of stock in a number of railway corporations whose shares have a much lower market value than they had when the President entered upon his campaign for honesty and fair dealing. But this fact does not decrease my confidence in the wisdom and justice of his action, or in the ultimate reliable value of my investment. It cannot be that honesty and fair dealing with the public are not in the end the best policy both for the public and for the railway promoter and investor. I could wish with The Outlook that this reform shall go on until Governmental supervision of the issue of all corporate shares and of the conduct of all corporation business shall be completely established. As these things have heretofore been conducted, the grossest injustice has been done the shipper, and hundreds of millions of dollars have been yearly lost by the investor. Subject to review by the courts, still greater authority should be given to the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

I agree with you, too, that the President has not always said and done in personal matters just what we could wish, and that he has sometimes a provoking *auctoritate doctissimi* way of expressing opinion upon subjects which hardly concern the President of the United States, and which less self-opinionated men like President Lincoln or General Lee would have considered unbecoming in them. But this should not make us question his large wisdom, his high sense of right, his courage, his unquestionable intelligent patriotism, his almost unique superiority as a great public magistrate to whom his country will ever owe a debt of gratitude for what he has said and done.

HENRY STRONG.

Santa Barbara, California.

"HARD TO GET CORRECTED"

In The Outlook of February 15 W. H. Geistweit protests vigorously against a misrepresentation of the Baptists by The Outlook in alluding to "the Baptist who be-

lieves that Christ taught adult immersion." After justly pointing out the true expression of Baptist faith and practice as "'believers' baptism," in which age has nothing to do," your correspondent goes on to say that "the Baptist insists on being a Christian before he is baptized. The old Campbellite teaching is to the opposite effect, but Baptists are frequently charged with it." How much worse is it for The Outlook inadvertently to misstate the Baptist position on believers' baptism than for W. H. G. to call a large and respectable body of Christians by a name which well-informed people everywhere must know has been repudiated, and which is offensive? Let the man who corrects his neighbor's fault be careful not to commit a worse breach than the one he corrects!

J. H. HARDIN.

Kansas City, Missouri.

JESUS NOT A PEASANT

May I be allowed to take exception to the term "peasant" as applied to Jesus of Nazareth by Dr. Abbott in his illuminating article "A Unique Personality" (The Outlook, January 18), and to give my reasons?

According to the definition given by a college president, a peasant is one attached to the soil and owing a certain duty to an overlord. But the Israelites were established in the land of Canaan as a nation of landed proprietors; there was therefore no peasant class whatever of Israelitish origin. For even if one through impoverishment was obliged to dispose of his patrimony, his legal right to it revived intact with the recurrence of the year of jubilee. Moreover, however the learned might arrogate to themselves the position of aristocrats, as far as antiquity of family was concerned, no Jew was better than his neighbor. All were alike Abraham's children, and King David himself could boast no higher descent.

But even had all the other Jews been peasants, Jesus was not. He was "born of the seed of David," and was therefore of royal ancestry. The knowledge of this was common property. The blind beggar of Jericho, the Syro-Phoenician woman, knew it; his enemies never called it in question, nor did Jesus himself ever deprecate the use of the title "Son of David." On the contrary, his demeanor, his parables, his controversies with the rulers, from a human view-point, owe much of their suitableness, aptness, and cogency to his political status as one "born King of the Jews."

Even the historian Graetz, a Jew writing for Jews, does not deny the royal lineage of Jesus. For fuller discussion of the subject

see David Baron's "The Ancient Scripture and the Modern Jew." L. H. C.

THE NAUTILUS AGAIN

Again Mr. Burroughs puts his "foot into it." He says in your issue of 8th instant that "the Physalia, or Portuguese man-o'-war, has a kind of sail in its air-sack that helps it sail to windward." It does nothing of the kind; it cannot "sail to windward," and it never did; it drifts to leeward; if it did sail to windward, then it would defeat the argument of Mr. Burroughs instead of helping it.

Mr. Burroughs cannot draw the line between instinct and reason; he cannot even draw it between vegetable and animal life; therefore in attempting to do what so many clever, profound minds have failed, since the time of Aristotle, to do, he is not wise.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

Lakewood, Ohio.

[We are sure Mr. Burroughs will forgive us if we add to this correspondent's criticism the humorous comment of a correspondent of the New York Sun:

The physalia has three masts, all square-rigged, and in windward work easily lies within three points of the wind. Going large he runs under bare poles. In the Bay of Barataria I have often seen a squadron of these Portuguese men-o'-war with stunsails set, beating to windward to get the weather gauge on a Spanish omelet, then furling everything and running down the wind to their less active victim. The nautilus has sails too, only it is barkentine-rigged, and in running sometimes sets a lower foretop-sail.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OMAR KHAYYAM

In your comment in The Outlook of January 18 on "The Philosophy of Common Sense" you took issue with Frederic Harrison and Leslie Stephen in their assuming an analogy between the mental, religious, and moral and the material; you contend that the religious and moral are not subject to the same laws as the physical. You state that the exact amount of heat required to make water boil can be told by the thermometer, but that the exact amount of passion of an individual to arouse a mob to action cannot be determined. It can be stated in this connection that not only from general observation can a physician measure his influence upon his patients as to emotional and moral changes, but instruments of approximate precision are now being used which can demonstrate muscular and nervous and also mental and moral changes and tendencies in the individual. A Lloyd Garrison in time of national crisis, a Finney when intelligent religious ardor was much needed, a Phillips Brooks in a Church put-

ting too great stress upon ritualistic worship, a General Booth when social degradation seems to be sweeping weak mankind out to sea—these have all exerted and still are exerting an influence which can be measured, and the results just as accurately estimated as can the eroding action of time and the elements upon the gorge of the Niagara. Fewer data are possessed and less careful investigations and computations are being made along religious and moral lines, but the history of religious and moral development goes to prove the absolute causal relation to present results and subsequent conditions. In consequence, from this knowledge statistics are being classified in a scientific manner, deductions being drawn and conclusions applied in such a way that, as a result, religion, not as an abstract something but a scientific reality, and morality as a demonstrable truth, are becoming of much greater value to society. Laws are simply a statement of the resulting effects of conditions which have been previously complied with. Surely the relations of God to his creatures in things religious and moral are just as real and definite as those material things subject to physical laws. The promise of a scientific interpretation of all of God's laws is the one great hope for the development of all that is good and true in man and the removal of, or from, that which is evil or common. S. P. C.

[This is a scientific statement of the philosophy which Omar Khayyám has poetically stated thus:

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!"

It is the philosophy of fatalism. And the answer to it is Samuel Johnson's answer: "We know we're free; and that's the end on't."—THE EDITORS.]

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

In a brief notice in your magazine this week upon a recent volume of Martin Luther's Catechetical Writings, edited by Professor Lenker, you remark that "the editor does not mention that Luther follows the Roman Catholic enumeration of the Commandments (omitting the second as merely an explanation of the first, and dividing the tenth into two)." It is very doubtful, indeed, whether, as a matter of fact, the Lutherans are not right in this matter. Every competent student of the Books of Moses, at the very least, must be thoroughly aware of the fact that the original partition of the Two Tables, doubtless, was into Five Commandments

and Five Commandments, not into four and six, as in the English Prayer Book; neither yet into three and seven Commandments, as with the Roman Catholics. That, indeed, must be esteemed as beyond all question. If, then, the Commandments actually are to be divided—as in the English Prayer Book—into your Duty towards God and your Duty towards your Neighbor, it follows that Honor thy Father and thy Mother, which is the Fifth Commandment, must be adopted, along with your Duty towards God, into the first Table—which seems an unnatural arrangement. Otherwise, then, by the omission of the Second Commandment, the point of division lies between our own Sixth, Thou shalt not kill, and our Seventh, against adultery. That seems more satisfactory. The first Table will then safeguard completely the whole personal life, or the “soul” of men, and protect it by the general admonition, Thou shalt not kill; the second, the more immediate needs or accessories to that life—wife, property, personal reputation, home, and, to crown all, household.

M. O. SMITH.

Webbwood, Ontario, Canada.

[The partition of the Commandments as at present was not “original,” for their present form is the product of a far later period than that of the Exodus. Scholars now distinguish in the book of Exodus three different decalogues—the early Judean, the Ephraimite, and the late Prophetic—as the original material which, “expanded and supplemented by later explanatory and hortatory notes,” was developed into the Decalogue as it now stands. See Kent’s “The Student’s Old Testament,” Vol. I, pp. 183–187.—THE EDITORS.]

FISH, DUCKS, VEGETABLES, AND BABIES

You discuss “The Fish and the Fisherman.” We say fisherman instead of fisher, presumably to exclude women from that form of butchery. This reminds me of how I became a vegetarian “limited.” I could not and cannot see any principle in it, since everything we eat has life, and it is impossible to separate mineral, vegetable, and animal life: they even transmute into one another. When the corn takes up silex, I eat the corn, and it becomes a living part of my

bones, which on my death returns to the soil to have its life renewed.

But the destruction of vegetables is bloodless, and they can’t scream; therefore it is less repugnant than the needless “shedding of blood.”

I went to Long Island duck-hunting some ten years ago, and we certainly massacred the ducks—sent them home in barrels. I, however, put a couple in my satchel as evidence of my prowess. I showed them to my baby daughter, and she looked at them with sorrowful eyes. “Papa,” she said, “what for did you make that little duck all dead? If I had a little duck I wouldn’t make him all dead—let me kiss him.”

I had to explain that I did it because I wanted to eat him.

On reflection I saw that this was not true. I did like to eat them, but I killed them for the lust of slaughter. Then I thought that if I were found with the corpse of a baby in my satchel it would be a poor excuse to say that I wanted to eat it.

Accordingly, like the girl who went to a revival meeting and found that her earrings were dragging her down to hell—so she gave them to her younger sister!—I gave my gun to my little cousin.

I have had the best of fishing and hunting and killed lots of things, from salmon and quail down to angleworms and sparrows, but I have never needlessly hurt anything since that gentle reproof.

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

THE FAMILY AT THE OPERA

Have you succeeded in getting William De Morgan, the lovable father-in-literature of Joe Vance and Alice-for-Short, to join your staff? If not, who else could have written the delightful account of the Family at the opera which is ascribed to the Spectator in this week’s Outlook? I am just finishing the last chapters of “Alice-for-Short”—that is to say, I am hearing them finished, because they are being read aloud to me. Some critics, I believe, object that the story is too long. It is too short for me, and I am happy to think that when we have no more books from De Morgan, we may turn for comfort to the Spectator.

A CONTINUOUS READER OF THE OUTLOOK.



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